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THE

WESTERN HARP.

A COLLECTION OF

SOCIAL AND REVIVAL

HYMNS.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Saint Louis:
P. M. PINCKARD, 508 AND 510 PINE STREET
1867.

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P. M. PINC
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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The popularity of this little book, and the numbers sold, have been much greater than was anticipated by its most sanguine friends. The first edition was large, and, though sold only from the Depository here, was exhausted some time ago. The present edition has been somewhat delayed, because of a press of other work demanding attention; but it is now presented to the public, with the assurance that, in many important respects, it excels the former.

Slight changes have been made in some few hymns, and many popular spiritual songs have been added, and it is confidently believed the improvement will be regarded with favor. The size of the book has also been increased, without any additional cost to the purchaser; and the thousands in the West who have used the "Harp" with so much pleasure and profit will be pleased to learn that henceforth the supply will be equal to the demand.

The book has been found to be a most valuable aid to devotion, in private and public, especially in the social and prayer-meeting circles; and, for this purpose, our large city churches, as well as those in the country, have

supplied themselves with copies by the dozen or by the hundred, until it has now become t be looked upon as a standard book for the plac it was intended to fill. Competent judges hav pronounced it superior to most, or all, books o the kind now before the public. Great care ha been taken to guard against the admission of an hymn or song containing unsound or questiona ble theology, as well as against everything of trifling or irreverent character.

ST. LOUIS, 1859.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

This work was compiled, and the first edi published, in 1855. That edition, though la was soon exhausted, and in 1859 another a still larger edition was issued, and that, lar it was, was entirely exhausted by 1862. then it has not been convenient to pub third edition until now. The work ha thoroughly revised and many popular added, and, being stereotyped, a supp hereafter be constantly kept on hand.

It is the present design to publish soc plement to the "Harp," which, with a songs, will also contain a choice sel music adapted to the songs herein con

ST. LOUIS, January, 1867.

WESTERN HARP.

AWAKENING AND INVITING.

1 8, 8, 6.

AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
I knew not what to do;
O'erwhelmed with guilt, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless wo.

2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain;
"The sinner must be born again,"
Still sounded in my ear.

3 Then to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth I found remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
O'erwhelm'd my troubled mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load:
Alas! I found and heard it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
But when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

6 While thus my soul in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
I felt his pity move:
The sinner by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tuned their harps anew,
And loftier sounds did raise:
All hail the Lamb that once was slain!
Unnumber'd millions born again
Shall shout thy endless praise.

2 C. M.

ATTEND, young friends, while I relate
The dangers you are in—
The evils that around you wait,
While you remain in sin.
Although you flourish like the rose,
While in its branches green,
Your sparkling eyes in death must close—
No more will they be seen.

2 In silent shades you must lie down,
Long in your graves to dwell;
Your friends may then stand weeping round,
And bid a long farewell.
How small this world will then appear
At the tremendous hour,

When you Jehovah's voice shall hear,
And feel his mighty power.

3 In vain you'll mourn your days are past—
Alas! those days are gone;
Your golden hours are spent at last,
And never will return.
O come this moment and begin,
While life's sweet moments last;
Turn to the Lord, forsake all sin,
And he'll forgive the past.

3 8, 7, 4.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

7s.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
Break—by Jesus' love subdued;
See his body mangled, rent,

3 Shall we let him die in vain?
Still to death pursue our God!
Open tear his wounds again!
Trample on his precious blood!
No; with all our sins we part:
Savior, take the broken heart.

5 P. M.

HEAR the royal proclamation,
Joyful tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature:
Jesus reigns—he reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banners flying!
Hear the Herald loudly crying!
Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Savior.
Lo! he reigns, &c.

3 Hear, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing:
Here is life and free salvation
Offered to the whole creation.
Lo! Jesus reigns, &c.

4 'Twas for you that Jesus died,
For you he was crucified,
Conquered death, and rose to heaven—
Life eternal through him's given.
Lo! he reigns, &c.

5 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ has purchased our redemption;
Angels shout the joyful story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.
Jesus reigns, &c.

6 7s.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season shall be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest the curse should thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

7 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

HOW lost was my condition
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul!
The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin:
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.

2 From men great skill professing
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,

Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

3 At length this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case:
Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

4 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician,
His help he'll freely give:
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look, and live.

8 10, 10, 8, 10.

CHILD of sin and sorrow, Fill'd with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow, Yield thee to-day;
Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow, Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow Help from on high;
Grieve not that love, Which from above—
Child of sin and sorrow—Would bring thee *nigh.*

9 L. M.

THOUGH, in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow,
Jesus, ere long, will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up;
For soon the reaping-time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here?
How much they heard, now much they knew
How long among the wheat they grew?

3 Oh, this will aggravate their case!
They perished under means of grace:
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

4 We seem alike, when thus we meet—
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But, to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

5 The tares are spared for various ends—
Some for the sake of praying friends;
Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfill.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

7 Most awful thought! and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me for that harvest, Lord, prepare!

10 11, 10, 11, 10.

COME, youthful sinners, come, haste to the Savior—
Come, ye young wand'rers, cling to his side;
Kneel at his mercy-seat, sue for his favor,
Lambs of his bosom, for whom he hath died.

2 Come to his temple-gate, come in life's morning—
Give up your souls to the guide of your youth;
How fair is grace, the young bosom adorning!
What robe so pure as the raiment of truth?

3 Can you find pleasure in pathways unholy?
Hope ye for wisdom in wand'ring from God?
Sorrow and shame wait the votaries of folly:
Earth has no comfort not found in his blood.

4 Has he not died for you? look to Moriah!
There see the tokens of sorrow and love.
Lives he not now for you? Jesus the Savior
Bled and ascended to crown you above.

11 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.

STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?
Once again I charge you, stop!
For, unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware, you drop
Into the burning lake.

2 *Say, have you an* arm like God,
That you his will oppose?

Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day
When his judgment he'll proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come
To drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom
Will fill you with despair:
All your sins will round you crowd—
Sins of a blood-crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

4 Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.
Sinners then in vain will call
(Though they now despise his grace),
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.

5 But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know;
Though his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow.
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come:
None who come shall be denied,
He says "There still is room."

12 L. M.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven—
The day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie:
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy buried in the dust:
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then, what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

13 P. M.

YE sons of war, I pray, draw near
And list as gen'rous volunteers,
Become our royal brothers here—
I mean as valiant soldiers;
You'll enter into present pay,
And feasting live from day to day;
Then turn about and march away,
And Jesus will support you.

2 Ye careless sons of Adam's race,
Who long have trod in folly's ways,
O turn about, to Zion face,

And meet Apollyon's forces:
Gird on your sword and glittering shield,
And with your helmet take the field,
And fight your way, and never yield,
And Jesus will support you.

3 The bounty you shall have in hand,
If you'll enlist in Jesus' band,
Your captain in the front will stand
And beat your foes before you;
Come, throw your rebel weapons down,
And seek for honor and renown,
And you shall wear a starry crown,
For Jesus will support you.

4 No more in Satan's rank appear,
But to our banner pray draw near;
We'll win the day, you need not fear,
Though earth and hell oppose us.
Our captain he is always brave,
And able still his men to save:
He conquer'd death, hell and the grave,
And he will still support you.

5 Then let not sinners you affright,
Although they rage and vent their spite;
Wear but the Christian's armor right,
And none can stand before you.
Although your parents should oppose,
Your dearest friends become your foes,
Yet sweetly with the gospel close,
And Jesus will support you.

6 And when the war is at an end,
Our Captain still will be our friend,
We'll wing our way and up ascend,
To reign with him in glory.
Then shall our tears be wiped away,
Our night be turn'd to endless day,

And on our golden harps we'll play
The joyful song of heaven.

14 P. M.

O HEARKEN, sinners, we have come
To warn you of your danger;
We pray be reconcil'd to Him
Who once lay in a manger.
Ho! every one that thirsts,
Come ye to the waters;
Freely drink and quench your thirst,
O Zion's sons and daughters.

2 Come, all ye humble, weeping souls
Who long to be forgiv'n,
We bring glad tidings unto you,
From the good Lord of heav'n.

3 There is a fountain deep and wide,
For sin and all uncleanness,
Come drink, and wash, and be made white,
And prove the gospel fullness.

4 Oh! see the crowd that's traveling on,
In paths of self-denial;
They march along the banks of love,
And long for your arrival.

5 Shall unbelief debar you from
The knowledge of your Savior?
Believe, and you'll be justified;
Believe, and live forever.

15 12s & 8s.

WHEN the harvest is past, and the summer
is gone,
And sermons and prayers shall be o'er;

When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sabbath morn,
And Jesus invites thee no more;
When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare:
Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailings of wo!
How suffer the night of despair!

2 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
To dwell in the mansions above;
When their harmony wakes in the fulness of bliss,
Their song to the Savior they love;
Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?

16 · P. M.

REMEMBER, sinful youth, you must die! you must die!
Remember, sinful youth, you must die!
Remember, sinful youth, who hate the way of truth,
And in your pleasures boast, you must die! you must die!
And in your pleasures boast, you must die.

2 Uncertain are your days here below, &c.,
Uncertain are your days, &c.,
Uncertain are your days, for God hath many ways
To bring you to your graves here below, here *below,*
To bring, &c.

3 And if you travel down the broad road, the broad road,
And if you travel down the broad road,
And if you travel down, to darkness you are bound,
Eternally around, the broad road, &c.,
Eternally, &c.

4 To a dreadful judgment day you are bound, you are bound,
To a dreadful judgment day you are bound,
To a dreadful judgment day, be your thoughts what'er they may;
Nor can you it delay, you are bound, &c.,
Nor can you, &c.

5 The God who built the sky, great I AM, great I AM,
The God who built the sky, &c.,
The God who built the sky, hath said (and can not lie),
Impenitents must die, and be lost, &c.,
Impenitents, &c.

6 And O! my friends, don't you, I entreat, I entreat,
And O! my friends, don't you, &c.
And O! my friends, don't you your carnal mirth pursue,
Your guilty souls undo, I entreat, &c.,
Your guilty, &c.

7 Unto the Savior flee, 'scape for life, 'scape for life,
Unto the Savior flee, &c.,
Unto the Savior flee, lest death eternal be
Your final *destiny*, 'scape for life, &c.,
Your final, &c.

17 11s.

OH! turn ye, Oh! turn ye; for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 Now Jesus is ready your souls to receive,
And grant you a pardon, if you'll believe;
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirits, when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high!

5 Why will you be starving or feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart;
And trusting in Jesus, we never shall part.
Oh! how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

18 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

GO, watch and pray, thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not tell how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee:
Death's countless snares beset thy way—
Frail child of dust! go, watch and pray.

2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Dilate before thine eye?
Soon these must change—must pass away—
Frail child of dust! go, watch and pray.

3 Thou aged man! life's wintry storm
Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs and wasting form,
Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb;
And can vain hope lead thee astray?
Go, weary pilgrim! watch and pray.

4 Ambition! stop thy panting breath!
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
Behold the caverns, dark with death,
Before you open lie;
The heavenly warning now obey—
Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

19 L. M.—*double.*

YOUNG people, all attention give,
While I address you in God's name;
You who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsel of a friend:
I *sought for bliss in* glittering toys,
And ranged th' alluring scenes of vice,

But never found substantial joys
Until I heard my Savior's voice.

2 He spake my sins at once forgiv'n,
And wash'd my load of guilt away;
He gave me pardon, peace and heaven,
And thus I found the narrow way:
And now with trembling sense I view
Huge billows roll beneath your feet;
For death eternal waits for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth.

3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time or conqu'ring death;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark:
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
Must wither like the blasted rose;
The coffin, earth and winding sheet
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

4 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
The grave must soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns, and vapors roll,
In solemn silence, round your head:
Your friends may pass that lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slowly on,
Still gazing on the spires of grass
With which your graves are overgrown.

5 But O! the soul where vengeance reigns,
It sinks with groans and ceaseless cries;
It rolls amidst the burning flames,
In endless wo and agonies:
There swallow'd up in darkest night,
Where devils howl, and thunders roar,
To rage in keen despair and guilt,
When thousand thousand years are o'er.

6 O! fellow youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse,
And soon with you 'twill be too late
The way of life in Christ to choose!
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God;
But with the gospel now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

20 C. M.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Have like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess:
I'll to him—I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 "I'll to my gracious king approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps he'll hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but *perish if I go*—
I am resolved to try;

For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

21 8, 7.

HARK! the jubilee is sounding;
O the joyful news is come;
Free salvation is proclaiming,
In and through God's own dear Son.
Now we have an invitation
To the meek and lowly Lamb;
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

2 Come, dear friends, and don't neglect it
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation, don't reject it;
O receive it, now's your time;
Now the Savior is beginning
To revive his work again;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

3 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him, evermore;
May his boundless love constrain us
His great mercy to adore;
O then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

22 L. M.

O SINNER turn, why will you die?
The God that made you asks you,
O! why, by worse than madness driven
Fly from the path that leads to heaven'

2 O! sinner turn, why will you die?
The blessed Saviour asks you, why?
In melting strains divinely sweet,
Invites you to the mercy seat.

3 O! sinner turn, why will you die?
The Holy Spirit asks you, why?
Calls up your sins in dire array,
And points you to the judgment day.

4 O! sinner turn, why will you die?
Your dear companions ask you, why?
And tell of Christ's amazing love,
Your cold unfeeling heart to move.

5 O! sinner turn, why will you die?
All heaven rejoicing, asks you, why?
And hovering angels wait around,
Eager to shout "the lost is found."

6 O! sinner turn, why will you die?
Hell in loud wailings asks you, why?
Its flames and woes incessant cry,
"Turn, sinner, turn, why will you die?"

23 7, 9.

HARK, brethren, don't you hear the sound
The gospel trumpets now are blowing;
Men in order enlisting round,
And soldiers to their standard flowing;
Bounty's offer'd, joy and peace,
To ev'ry soldier this is given;
When from toil and war they cease,
Mansions bright prepared in heaven.

2 The battle *is not to* the strong,
The burden's on our Captain's shoulders;

None so aged, none so young,
  But may enlist, and be a soldier.
Those who can not fight nor fly,
  Beneath his banner find protection;
None, who on his name rely,
  Shall be reduc'd to base subjection.

3 Ye need not fear, the cause is good,
  Come, who will to the crown aspire?
In this cause the martyrs stood,
  And shouted victory in the fire;
In this cause we'll follow on,
  And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,
How by faith we've gained the crown,
  And fought our way to life and glory.

24 L. M.

TEN thousand times the sound, "*Prepare*.
  Struck on the sinner's heart of steel:
And starting from the world of care,
  He strove his sorrow to conceal;
He rushed amid the glitt'ring throng,
  Where giddy hearts for pleasure meet,
The warning came 'mid wine and song—
  'Mid wine and song he sigh'd, "Not yet

2 Among the multitude he bow'd,
  Eager in search of wealth and fame;
Wealth soon was his—the waiting crowd
  Gave willing honors to his name.
One thought of heaven's broken laws
  Made him his years of sin regret;
He hurried from the world's applause,
  And told his God, "Not yet, not yet."

3 Blanch'd by disease, the smitten lay,
  A sinner on his couch of pain;

And wealth and fame, Oh, what are they,
His wasted moments to regain?
Death's messenger was at his side,
His seal upon his heart was set;
"Too late, alas! too late!" he cried;
"Not yet, not yet, O Death! not yet!"

25 8, 7, 4.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—oh, how tender!
Every life is full of love.
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name!"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And, with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds,
Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offered *to you* by the Lord?

5 Oh, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

26 L. M.

I LONG to see the season come,
When sinners shall come flocking home
To taste the heaven of Jesus' love,
And seek the joys that are above.
Hark! 'tis the glorious gospel sound,
Inviting sinners all around;
Behold! your loving Savior stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

2 He now stands knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart,
He'll wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.
A few more days and you must go
To realms of joy or endless wo;
In worlds above with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.

3 Come, sinners, all, now warning take,
And all your sinful ways forsake;
This world give o'er, leave friends behind,
In Christ you shall redemption find.
Take your companions by the hand,
And all your children in a band,
And give them up at Jesus' call;
He'll pardon, bless, and save them all.

4 When the great day of Christ shall come,
And he collects his jewels home,

On Zion's mount we then shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band.
O what a glorious company!
May I be there the sight to see;
And join in praise of Jesus' name,
All glory in Jerusalem.

27 7s.

SINNERS, turn—why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live,
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn—why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you why?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that you might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why—ye ransomed sinners—why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn—why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why!
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

28 L. M.

TO-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice,
Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with the glorious Jesus rest?

2 Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ for ever reign?
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

3 Come, blooming youth, to ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy's of Christ's redeeming love.

4 Behold, he's waiting at your door!
Make now your choice; oh, halt no more:
Say, sinner, say, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

5 Why rush in carnal pleasures on?
Why madly plunge in sorrow down?
Say, without Christ what can you do?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

6 Once more we ask you, in his name,
We know his love remains the same;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

29 9, 6.

BY faith I view my Savior dying
On the tree, on the tree;
To every nation he is crying,
Look to me!

He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear.
Hark, hark! what precious words I hear!
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me? pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin?
Can it be?
Oh, yes! he did salvation bring;
He is my Prophet, Priest and King;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free!

3 Jesus, my weary soul refreshes;
Mercy's free!
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me.
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove;
All may enjoy the Savior's love
Mercy's free! mercy's free!

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
"Mercy's free!"
And this shall be my theme when dying,
"Mercy's free!"
And when the vale of death I've passe'd,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing, while endless ages last,
"Mercy's free! mercy's free!"

30 7s.

BROTHER, hast thou wander'd far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squander'd life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save.

3 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek him, for he may be found:
Call upon him; he is near.

31 L. M.

JUST as thou art—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come, O come!

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free—
O wretched sinner, come, O come!

3 Burdened with guilt, would'st thou be ble
Trust not the world, it gives no rest;
I bring relief to heart's oppressed—
O weary sinner, come, O come!

4 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss—
O needy sinner, come, O come!

5 Come hither; bring thy boding fears,
Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears—
O trembling sinner, come, O come!

6 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come,
The Savior bids thee "come, O come!"

32 L. M.

IN life's young morn of rising youth,
O Lord, be thou our God and guide;
Direct us in the way of truth,
And may we never turn aside,
And may we never turn aside.
Never turn aside,
O never turn aside;
O, may we never, never turn aside.
Never turn aside,
O never turn aside;
O, may we never turn aside.

2 In manhood's noon be with us still,
Director of our ev'ry way;
Keep us devoted to thy will,
Steadfast thro' life's advancing day,
Steadfast through life's advancing day.
Never turn aside, &c.

3 And in the chilly eve of age,
'Midst failing strength and drooping power,
Still may thy love our hearts engage,
And sanctify life's closing hour.—*Chorus.*

4 And when we come to yield our breath,
Prepared for that last mortal strife,
May we be faithful unto death,
And then receive a crown of life.—Chorus.

33 L. M.

BE you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

2 So shall you live in peace and love,
Preparing for the rest above;
If you in play, or work, or school,
Fulfill the Savior's golden rule.

34 8. 6.

BEHOLD! behold! the Lamb of Go
On the cross, on the cross.
For you he shed his precious blood,
On the cross, on the cross.
Now hear his all-important cry,
"Eloi lama sabacthani:"
Draw near and see your Savior die,
On the cross, on the cross.

2 Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
On the cross, on the cross.
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross, on the cross.
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"'Tis finished," now the conq'rer cries
Then bows his sacred head and dies,
On the cross, on the cross

3 'Tis done, the mighty deed is done,
On the cross, on the cross.
The battle fought, the victory won,
On the cross, on the cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains qua'
While Jesus doth atonement make,

While Jesus suffers for your sake,
On the cross, on the cross.

4 Where'er I go, I'll tell the story
Of the cross, of the cross;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus suffered death for me,
On the cross, on the cross.

5 Let every mourner come and cling
To the cross, to the cross;
Let every Christian come and sing
Round the cross, round the cross.
Here let the preacher take his stand,
And, with the Bible in his hand,
Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb,
On the cross, on the cross.

35 C. M.

JESUS, the Lord of glory, died,
That we might never die,
And now he reigns supreme, to guide
His people to the sky.

2 Weak though we are, he still is near,
To lead, console, defend;
In all our sorrow, all our fear,
Our all-sufficient friend.

3 From his high throne in bliss, he deigns
Our every prayer to heed;
Bears with our folly, soothes our pains,
Supplies our every need.

4 And from his love's exhaustless spring,
Joys like a river come,
To make the desert bloom and sing
O'er which we travel home.

5 O Jesus, there is none like thee,
Our Savior and our Lord;
Through earth and heav'n exalted be
Beloved, obeyed, adored.

PENITENTIAL.

36 8s.

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught the rocks the notes of wo;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow.
Behold, thy precious balm is found
To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd,
Unburden here thy weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
And trust the mercy of thy God.
Thy God's thy Savior—glorious world!
For ever love, and praise the Lord.

37 11s.

O HOW I have longed for the coming God,
And sought him by praying and searching word;
With watching and fasting my soul oppress'd,
Nor would I give over till Jesus had bless'

2 The tokens of mercy at length did appear—
According to promise he answer'd my prayer,
And glory is open'd in floods on my soul:
Salvation from Zion's beginning to roll.

3 The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,
And sinners come crying and weeping to God;
Their mourning and praying are heard very loud,
And thousands find pardon in Jesus' blood.

4 Here's more, my dear Savior, who fall at thy feet,
Oppress'd by a burden enormously great;
O raise them, my Jesus, to tell of thy love,
And shout hallelujah like angels above.

5 I'll sing and I'll shout, and I'll shout and I'll sing,
O God, make the nations with praises to ring
With loud acclamations of Jesus' love,
And carry us all to the city above.

6 We'll wait for his chariot, it seems to draw near.
O come, my dear Savior, let glory appear;
We long to be singing and shouting above,
With angels o'erwhelmed in Jesus' love.

38 C. M.

AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And caus'd him to repent.

2 Although he no relentings felt
'Till *he had spent* his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinch'd him sore.

3 "What have I gain'd by sin?" he said,
But hunger, shame and fear;
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.

4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done—
Fall down before his face;
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."

5 His father saw him coming back;
He saw, and ran, and smiled;
Then threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

6 "Father, I've sinn'd, but O! forgive"—
"Enough," the father said;
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain—
Go spread the news around;
My son was dead, but lives again;
Was lost, but now is found."

8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

39 C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:

Thou callest burden'd souls to thee.
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him "thou hast died."

5 O wond'rous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor tempest-toss'd soul be still,
My promis'd grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks, I must, I will;
I can, I do believe.

40 7s.

TO the cross where Jesus died,
Where the Lord resigned his breath,
Where affliction veiled his eyes,
Swimming in the tears of death.
Thither, bringing all my guilt,
From avenging wrath I flee,
To the blood of sprinkling spilt—
Spilt to set the sinner free.

2 'Mid convulsive agonies,
Peace his quivering lips impart:
Pardon seal'd by broken sighs,
Issuing from a bursting heart.
Let me feel this healing power,

Let this hardened heart of stone
Melt beneath the purple shower,
From his body trickling down.

3 On those temples, crown'd with thorns,
Suffering majesty appears:
Love that dying face adorns.
Stain'd with blood and soil'd with tears:
Pierce the shadows of the heart
With the lightning of that eye:
Smiles of peace to me impart—
Let me feel, or I must die!

41 L. M.

O GIVE me, Lord, my sins to mourn—
My sins which have thy body torn:
Give me, with broken heart, to see
Thy last tremendous agony.

2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon the wondrous sight:
O that, with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Savior die!

3 I'd hang around his feet, and cry,
Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die;
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son!

4 Father of mercy, drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son;
And with my broken heart comply:
O save me, Jesus, or I die.

5 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
If thou wilt ease me of my guilt:
Good Lord, in mercy hear my cry,
And give me Jesus, or I die.

42 C. M.

PROSTRATE, O Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty sinner lies;
And upward to the mercy seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 O let not justice frown me hence:
Stay, stay the vengeful storm;
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead,
To expiate my guilt:
No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, gracious Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

43 C. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all *His* promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
The prospect doth my strength
While here by tempest driv'n

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

44

7, 6.

DROOPING souls, no longer gr
Heaven is propitious,
If on Christ you do believe,
You will find him precious.

2 Jesus now is passing by,
Calls the mourner to him;
He has died for you and I,
Now look up and view him.

3 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs a healing fountain;
See the

6 Though your sins, like mountains high,
Rise and reach to heaven—
Soon as you on him rely,
"All shall be forgiven."

7 Now, methinks, I hear one say,
I will go and prove him;
If he take my sins away,
Surely I shall love him.

8 Streaming mercy, how it flows,
Now I know I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.

9 Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,
Oh the wondrous story:
I was lost, but now I'm found,
Glory! glory! glory!

10 Glory to the Savior's name,
Saints are bound to love him;
Mourners, you may do the same,
Only come and prove him.

45 7s.

WHAT could your Redeemer do
More than he hath done for you,
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

2 Sinners, turn, while God is near:
Dare not think him insincere;
Now, e'en now, your Savior stands,

All day long he spreads his hands:
Cries, "Ye will not happy be,
No, ye will not come to me;
Me, whose life to none deny:
Why will ye resolve to die?

3 Can you doubt if God is love?
If to all his bowels move?
Will ye not his word receive?
Will ye not not his oath believe?
Jesus weeps—believe his tears;
See, the suffering God appears,
Mingled with his blood they cry,
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

46 C. M.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends, who, in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of wo.

4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd, too.

5 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love

Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above!

6 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

47 8, 8, 8, 6.

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee—
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot.
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and wars without—
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind:
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

48 C. M.

IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue:
"Hinder me not!" ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes:
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty, and through trials, too,
I'll go at his command:
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Savior calls me home,
My joyful cry shall be,
"Hinder me not:" come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

49 C. M.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh:
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

50 C. M.

AS on the cross the Savior hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He poured salvation on a wretch
That languished at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd:

3 "Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God;
I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.

4 "Yet, quickly from these scenes of woe,
In triumph thou shalt rise;
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And reign above the skies.

5 "Amidst the glories of that world,
Dear Savior, think on me;
And in the victory of thy death,
Let me a sharer be."

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies:
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in paradise."

51 6, 8.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers—
They strongly speak for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!"

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confience I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

52 P. M.

COME, my soul, and let us try,
For a little season,
Ev'ry burden to lay by—
Come, and let us reason.
What is this that casts you down?
Who are those that grieve you?
Speak, and let the worst be known;
Speaking may relieve you.

2 Christ, by faith, I sometimes see,
Then it doth relieve me;
But my sins return again,
They are they that grieve me;
Troubled like the restless sea,
Feeble, faint and fearful;
Plagued with sin, and sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?

3 Think on what your Savior bore
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood from every pore,
To procure thy pardon.
See him stretch'd upon the wood,
Bleeding, groaning, crying,
Suff'ring all the wrath of God—
Groaning, gasping, dying.

53 S. M.

HUNGRY, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we would starve indeed;

Nor we no money have to buy,
No righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want
Thy hand alone can give:
O hear the prayer of faith, and grar
That we may eat and live.

54 6s & 4s.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart—
My zeal inspire:
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen dream
Shall o'er me roll.
Blest Savior, then, in love,

Fear and distrust remove:
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul.

55 12s, 9s.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,

4 In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are wash'd and forgiven:
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

56 7s.

HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Savior's love;

Mine, art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

57 8s.

HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient ev'ry earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The with'ring grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour.
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

C. M.

sus bear the cross alone,
l the world go free?
a cross for every one,
e's a cross for me.

· are the saints above,
e went sorrowing here!
ey taste unmingled love,
vithout a tear.

:ated cross I'll bear
ı shall set me free;
o home my crown to wear,
's a crown for me.

6s, 4s.

, my God, to thee,
r to thee:
ı it be a cross
ıiseth me,
song shall be,
God, to thee,
God, to thee,
to thee.

wanderer,
ht all gone,
ɜ over me,
t a stone,
dreams I'd be,
God, to thee,
God, to thee,
to thee.

ıe way appear
p to heaven;

All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

60 8s, 7s.

SAVIOR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,

Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

31 P. M.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wand'rers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for ev'ry wounded breast;
'Tis found alone in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

There faith lifts up the tearless eye—
The heart no longer riven—
And views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloo
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

62 S. M.

JESUS! I come to thee,
A sinner doomed to die;
My only refuge is thy cross,
Here at thy feet I lie.

2 Can mercy reach my case,
And all my sins remove?
Break, O my God! this heart of stone,
And melt it by thy love.

3 Too long my soul has gone
Far from my God astray;
I've sported on the brink of hell,
In sin's delusive way.

4 But, Lord! my heart is fixed,
I hope in thee alone;
Break off the chains of sin and death,
And bind me to thy throne.

5 Thy blood can cleanse my heart,
Thy hand can wipe my tears;
Oh! send thy blessed Spirit down
To banish all my fears.

6 Then shall my soul arise,
From sin and Satan free;
Redeemed from hell and every foe,
I'll trust alone in thee.

63 7s.

SINNER, what has earth to show
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path, of fading flowers,
Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?

2 Doth a skillful, healing friend,
On thy daily path attend;
And, where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on every wound?

3 When the tempest rolls on high,
Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, Oh! can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than Death?

4 Canst thou, on that awful day,
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth and soar to heaven?

64 S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of *never-dying* love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To purify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And sanctify the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son and Thee.

65 S. M.

UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?

2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes;
Thou mayst reject that worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice.

3 When he gave up his life,
The law was satisfied;
And now to its severer claims,
I answer, "Jesus died."

66 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessings from on high!
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,

Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou,
We children of thy grace;
O let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

SUPPLICATION AND PRAYER.

67 8, 7, 4.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty—
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow:
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliv'rer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 Feed me with the heav'nly manna,
In the barren wilderness:
Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
Be my robe of righteousness:
Fight *and conquer*
All my foes by sov'reign grace.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

68 L. M.

JESUS! and shall it ever be—
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Asham'd of thee whom angels praise?
Whose glories shine through endless days

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light Divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee!

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away—
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Savior's name;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

69 6, 8s.

FIRST PART.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but can not see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the same that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long—
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak then I am strong;
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

SECOND PART.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shall move
And tell me if thy name be Love.

2 'Tis love! 'tis love! thou diedst for me
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure universal love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move—
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face;
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Savior, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

70 7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare—
Jesus loves to answer prayer:
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to the King:
Large petitions with thee bring;

For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest—
Take possession of my breast:
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear:
Print thine own resemblance there.

6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer:
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

7 Show me what I have to do—
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith—
Let me die thy people's death.

71 8s.

ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine.
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load:
All *plaintive I pour* out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord! and my terror shall cease:
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace—
The rock that is higher than I.
Speak, Savior! for sweet is thy voice,
Thy presence is fair to behold:
Attend to my sorrows and cries—
My groanings that can not be told.

3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests, with a roar,
"The Lord has forsaken thee quite:
Thy God will be gracious no more."

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath designed
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee?
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower;
Come, succor and gladden my heart—
Let this be the day of thy power.

72 7s.

SAVIOR, when in dust, to thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee—
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes:
O, by all thy pains and wo,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human grief and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness:
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power:
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony and prayer,
By thy purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorn:
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries—
By thy perfect sacrifice:
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Here our solemn litany.

4 By the deep, expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save:
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Savior, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

73 7s.

LORD, I can not let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow:
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am:
Ah! my Lord, thou knowest my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes have I seen,
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead:
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

74 S. M.

BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I thought:
Why should I longer lie?
Surely, the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

3 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,

Where streams of sovereign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.

4 Here, then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try:
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

5 No: he is full of grace:
He never will permit
A soul, that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

75 11, 5.

WHEN torn is thy bosom by sorrow and care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer;
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.
Prayer, prayer, sweet, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

2 When forced from the friends we hold dearest to part,
What fond recollections yet cling to the heart:
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there,
O how hurtfully pleasing till hallow'd by prayer.

3 When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charms;
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the snare,
But, looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.

4 While strangers to prayer, we are strangers bliss:
Heaven pours its full streams through medium but this;
And till we the seraphs' full ecstacy share,
Our chalice of bliss must be guarded by pray

76 8, 7, 4.

SAVIOR, visit thy plantation!
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high!
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snare.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

77 L. M.

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkest clouds withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Were half the time so vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

78 7s.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word!
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee—
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound—
Sought thee wandering, set thee right
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done,

Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
O for grace to love thee more?

79 10, 11.

O ALL-loving Lamb, a sinner I am,
And come, as a sinner, thy mercy to claim;
With joy I embrace the pardon and grace
Thy passion hath purchas'd for all the lost race.

2 For sinners like me thy mercy is free—
O who would not love such a Savior as thee;
Yet long I withstood, and fled from my God,
But mercy pursued, with the cry of thy blood!

3 It challenged the stray, and forced me to stay,
And washed all my sins in a moment away;
I felt it applied, and joyfully cried,
Me, me thou hast loved, and for me thou hast died!

4 How mighty thou art, O love, to convert!
Love only could conquer so stubborn a heart;
The love of God-man alone could constrain
So sturdy a rebel to love thee again.

5 But sure at the last thy goodness I taste;
My soul on thy goodness delighted I cast;
Thy goodness I praise, I sing of thy grace,
And joyfully live out my few happy days.

6 And when thy dear love from earth shall remove,
O then I shall sing like the angels above;

there where I am, my work is the same,
ascribe my salvation to God and the Lamb!

ation to God will I publish abroad,
l make heaven ring with the cry of thy
blood;
Lamb that was slain! lo! he liveth again,
l I with my Jesus eternally reign.

L. M.

THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
Jesus' feet to lay it down,
o lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

t for my soul I long to find;
avior of all, if mine thou art,
e me thy meek and lowly mind,
nd stamp thine image on my heart.

ak off the yoke of inbred sin,
nd fully set my spirit free;
n not rest till pure within,
ill I am wholly lost in thee.

n would I learn of thee, my God!
hy light and easy burden prove,
cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
he labor of thy dying love.

ould, but thou must give the power,
ly heart *from* every sin release;
g near, bring near the joyful hour,
d fill me with thy perfect peace.

81 8s, 7s.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly!
Those hours of toil and danger,
For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning;
For, oh! &c.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing;
For, oh! &c.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our h
Forever, oh! forever.
For, oh! &c.

82 10s, 8s.

HERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roa
Here is no rest, here is no rest!
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
For I look forward to that glorious day
When sin and sorrow shall vanish away
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus s
There, there is rest, there, there is re

ere are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest, here is no rest!
ere I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
eet is the promise I read in his word:
essed are those who have died in the Lord,
ey have been called to receive their reward.
There, there is rest, there, there is rest!

is world of care is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest, here is no rest!
ere must I bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
on shall I be from the wicked released,
on shall the weary for ever be blest,
on shall I lean upon Jesus' own breast,
There, there is rest, there, there is rest!

L. M.—*double.*

WEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
at calls me from a world of care,
nd bids me at my Father's throne
ake all my wants and wishes known;
seasons of distress and grief,
y soul has often found relief,
nd oft escaped the tempter's snare
thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

eet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
y wings shall my petition bear
him whose truth and faithfulness
gage the waiting soul to bless;
nd since he bids me seek his face,
lieve his word, and trust his grace,

I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

84 8s & 7s—*double.*

HOLY Father, thou hast taught me,
I should live to thee alone;
Year by year, thy hand hath brought me
On thro' dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, thou hast found me;
When I doubted, sent me light.
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
Thou canst give the power I need;
Thro' the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the spirit's strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,

Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

85 7s, 6s.

THE rosy light is dawning
Upon the mountain's brow;
It is the Sabbath morning,
Arise and pay thy vow.
Lift up thy voice to heaven
In sacred praise and prayer,
While unto thee is given
The light of life to share.

2 The landscape, lately shrouded
By evening's paler ray,
Smiles beauteous and unclouded
Before the hour of day.
So let our souls, benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
Lord, by thy smiles be lighted
To joys that never fade.

3 O see those waters streaming,
In crystal purity,
While earth, with verdure teeming,
Gives rapture to the eye.
Let rivers of salvation
In larger currents flow,
Till every tribe and nation
Their healing virtues know.

86 7s, 6s.

THE mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west:
So every *care subsiding*
My soul would sink to rest.

The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close—
May angels round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

2 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high:
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illume the sky.
In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break;
O, on the last bright morning,
May I in glory wake.

CONVERSION.

87 P. M.

MY night of sin and grief is gone,
My soul is filled with glory;
Oh! for a thousand tongues to tell
Love's animating story.

2 Let heav'n and earth with me unite,
And sing and shout hosannah:
The Lord has pardon'd all my sins,
And fill'd my soul with manna.

3 Poor sinners often laugh and scoff,
Because I sing hosannah;
But they don't know what this doth mean-
My soul is eating manna.

4 My old companions think I'm lost,
Because I sing hosannah;
But they would sing as loud as me,
If they had tasted manna.

The cold professors do detest
Such shoutings of hosannah;
And so did we before we sought
And found this holy manna.

When on my dying bed I lie,
My soul shall sing hosannah;
With happy saints that shout around,
We'll have a feast of manna.

A glorious throng have gone before,
Who sing and shout hosannah;
They stand around the tree of life,
And always gather manna.

Come on, ye follow'rs of the Lamb,
Love God and sing hosannah;
We soon shall join that holy throng,
And always live on manna.

88 7, 6, & 1, 8.

LORD, and is thine anger gone?
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?
Let thy love my heart constrain,
And all my restless passions sway:
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way.

2 If I have begun once more
Thy sweet return to feel:
If even now I find thy power
Present my soul to heal:
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor struggle but to thine embrace:
Never more *resist* or fly
From thy pursuing grace.

3 To the cross, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love;
Freedom let me never find
From thee, my Lord, to move;
That I never, never more,
May with my much-lov'd Master pa:
To the post of mercy's door
O nail my willing heart!

4 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own.
More and more thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find;
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

5 As the apple of thine eye,
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there forever weep;
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heaven;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiven.

89 C. M.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the glory of his cross,
And honor all his laws.

2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

90 11, 9.

COME away to the skies, My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day, Come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeem'd of the Lord, We remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

3 With singing we praise The original grace,
By our Heavenly Father bestow'd;
Our being receive from his bounty, and live
To the honor and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine;
Created again, That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine,

5 With thanks we approve The design of thy love,
Which hath *join'd* us in Jesus' name;
So united in heart, That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet We shall suddenly meet,
And, parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres With the heavenly choirs,
And our Savior in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah! we sing To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat:
To the Lamb that was slain, Hallelujah! again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet!

8 In assurance of hope, We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air,
From our graves we shall see, And cry out, "I is he!"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

91 P. M.

WHAT wondrous love is this, O my so
O my soul!
What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this, that caus'd
Lord of bliss
To send this precious peace to my soul,
soul,
To send this precious peace to my soul.

2 When I was sinking down, &c.,
When I was sinking down, &c.,
When I was sinking down, beneath
righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown, for my soul
soul!

3 Ye wing'd seraphs, fly, bear the news, bear the news,
Ye wing'd seraphs, fly, &c.;
Ye wing'd seraphs, fly, like comets through the sky.
Fill vast eternity with the news, &c.,
Fill vast eternity, &c.

4 Ye friends of Zion's King, join his praise, &c.,
Ye friends of Zion's King, &c.,
Ye friends of Zion's King, with hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string in his, &c.,
And strike each, &c.

5 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, &c.,
To God and to the Lamb, &c.,
To God and to the Lamb, who is the great I AM!
While millions join the theme, I will sing, &c.
While millions join, &c.

6 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, &c.,
And when from death I'm free, &c.,
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joyful be;
And through eternity I'll sing on, &c.,
And through eternity, &c.

92 C. M.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 *'Twas grace* that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;

How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace shall lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

6 This earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

93 11s.

O JESUS! my Savior, to thee, I submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet,
The sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh and blood,
To thee, my Redeemer, my Lord and my God!

2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord!
I love thee, my Savior, I trust in thy word;
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,
But how much I love thee, I never can show.

3 I'm happy, I'm happy—O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount;

I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With saints and with angels the kingdom to share.

4 O Jesus, my Savior! in thee I am blest,
My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest;
Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be my song;
Thy love doth inspire my heart and my tongue.

5 O, who is like Jesus? he's Salem's bright king;
He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, in anthems of joy,
And songs of redemption my heart shall employ.

94 8, 6.

OH Love Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up with thee?
I thirst, I faint, I pine to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its wonders are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They can not search the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God—
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor, stony heart!

For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

95 L. M.

WHEN marshal'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem,
But one alone the Savior speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark—
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind, that toss'd my found'ring bark;
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem:
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

96 C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my life, my way, my end,
My prophet, priest and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

97 C. M.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look;

It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die, that thou may'st live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace—
It seals my pardon, too.

98. 8s.

YE angels who mortals attend,
And minister comfort in wo,
Come listen, ye heavenly friends,
My happier story to know:
I sing of a theme most sublime,
No sorrow my song can control—
I sing of the rapturous time,
When Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

2 When guilt my poor heart did assail,
Because I had wandered from God,
I strove my sad case to bewail,
My sins were a cumbrous load.
O Savior, have mercy! I cried,
Oh, pardon a wretch that's so vile!
Then quickly his blood was applied,
And Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

3 My guilt, like the cloud of the morn,
Was chased in a moment away;
The joy of my soul, newly born,
Increased like the dawning of day.
My Savior redeemed me from sin—
He saves not in part but in whole;
He writes his salvation within—
For, oh! he spoke peace to my soul.

4 I am now so blessed with his love,
I covet not earth's greatest store;
He visits me oft from above—
I have him—I want nothing more:
Resigned to his pleasure, I'd live
Till time's latest cycle shall roll,
His utmost salvation receive,
For, oh! he spoke peace to my soul.

5 Nor Satan, nor sin can dismay,
No danger my soul can affright,
While onward to mansions of day
I go in Immanuel's might.
Though earth in convulsions shall rend,
From the center quite through to each pole,
I'll smile, for I'm sure of a friend,
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

6 Ye angels who wait while I sing,
And patiently hear my glad song,
Come, bear me to Jesus, my King,
To join with the heavenly throng.
'Tis there I'll eternally feast
On joys that enrapture the whole;
All heaven would welcome the guest,
Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

7 Farewell to earth's glittering toys,
Farewell to my friends and my foes;

I haste from these scenes to the skies,
Where pleasure eternally flows.
He bids me leave all for his sake—
I'll run till I reach the bless'd goal—
Then me to his arms he will take,
Oh! there he'll speak peace to my soul.

99 7s, 6s.

THE angry clouds are breaking,
The storm of grief is o'er;
The sun of peace is shining,
Dear sinner, weep no more.

2 Thy grief for sin is ending,
Thy joys are now begun;
Then heavenword ascending,
Thy Christian journey run.

100 7s.

SAVED by grace, I live to tell
What the Lord for me has done:
He redeemed my soul from hell,
Of a rebel made a son.

2 O, I tremble still to think,
How secure I liv'd in sin!
Sporting on destruction's brink,
Yet preserv'd from falling in.

3 In a kind, propitious hour,
To my heart the Savior spoke;
Touch'd me by his Spirit's power,
And my dang'rous slumber broke.

4 Then I saw and own'd my guilt—
Soon my gracious Lord replied,

"Fear not: I my blood have spilt;
'Twas for such as thee I died."

5 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once possess'd my heart;
Can I hope thy grace to prove,
After acting such a part?

6 "Thou hast greatly sinn'd," he said,
"But I freely all forgive;
I, myself, the debt have paid,
Now I bid thee rise and live."

7 Come, my fellow sinner, try;
Jesus' heart is full of love.
O that you, as well as I,
May his wond'rous mercy prove.

8 He has sent me to declare,
All is ready, all is free;
Why should any soul despair,
When he saved a wretch like me?

101 P. M.

WHY should I be affrighted
At pestilence or war?
The fiercer be the tempest,
The sooner it is o'er.
With Jesus in the vessel,
The billows rise in vain;
They only will convey me
To yonder blissful plain,
With glory in my soul.

2 Although my flesh is mortal,
Immortal is my hope;
I'll try, like holy Moses,
To gain the mountain top,

And, at Jehovah's bidding,
With confidence to die,
And then ascend to heaven,
To reign above the sky,
With glory in my soul.

3 I feel that Jesus loves me,
But why I do not know:
To him I'm so unfaithful
In what I have to do;
I grieve to see my failures,
But he doth all forgive,
Which makes me love him more and more,
By faith in him to live,
With glory in my soul.

4 Though sinners do despise me,
And laugh at what I say,
I'll join the little number,
And walk the holy way.
The way is so delightful
I mean to travel on
Till I am call'd away
To receive a starry crown,
With glory in my soul.

5 We soon shall reach fair Canaan,
And on that happy shore,
Beyond the reach of sorrow,
We'll shout for evermore.
We'll walk the golden pavements,
And blood-washed garments wear,
And, to complete our pleasure,
Our Jesus will be there
To glorify our souls.

102 P. M.

I HAVE sought round the verdant earth
For unfading joy;
I have tried every source of mirth,
But all, all will cloy.
Lord, bestow on me
Grace to set my spirit free;
Thine the praise shall be—
Mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wandered in mazes dark
Of doubt and distress;
I have not had a kindling spark
My spirit to bless.
Cheerless unbelief
Fill'd my laboring soul with grief.
What shall give relief?
What shall give peace?

3 I then turned to thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away;
I then trusted thy holy word,
That taught me to pray.
Here I found release;
Weary spirit here found rest—
Hope of endless bliss—
Eternal day.

4 I will praise now my Heavenly King,
Praise and adore;
The heart's richest treasure bring
To thee, God of Power;
And in heaven above,
Sav'd by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move
For evermore.

To-bring lost sinners he
He sends his word, with
And searches out the in
Exposes sin most clear t
And tells the sinner wha
Namely: repent and tur
And thereby shun his ve

2 I was much plagued with
And more with that whic
Which always barr'd my
And kept me in distress a
But all my fears were driv
By brilliancy of gospel da
It shines so clear, I must b
That I do in my Savior liv
A life of love, a heaven bel
I've not a doubt, I feel it sc

3 How grateful then ought I
For the sweet tokens of his
Which cheers my heart and
And stamps

Where sin and grief can ne'er be found?
How happy we shall be that day,
To think that we did watch and pray
And kept our garments clean and white,
Fit to appear with saints of light!
Quite full, O then, our joys shall be,
And more so through eternity!

104 8, 7.

WHILE I was still of tender years
My Savior did invite me;
My heart was fill'd with many fears,
But Satan did entice me.
He told me that I was too young
To leave my sinful pleasure;
That I might wait till I was old,
And serve God at my leisure.

2 At length the Spirit came one day,
And strove with mighty power,
Which led me to forsake my way,
And tremble every hour:
I wept and prayed and cried aloud,
Saying, Lord Jesus, save me!
If mercy thou canst me afford,
Unto thy glory raise me.

3 When Jesus heard the rebel cry,
He sent his kind compassion:
Down at his feet my soul did lie,
There pleading for a blessing.
My soul did melt with tenderness,
While Abba, Father, I did cry,
And glory to my Jesus.

4 Glory to God! for I have found
The pearl of my salvation;

I'm marching through Immanuel's ground,
Up to the heavenly Canaan.
Now I'm resolved to serve the Lord,
And never more forsake him;
But march along the heavenly road,
Till I do overtake him.

105 C. M.

WHEN first my trembling soul was led
By faith in Christ to rest,
Joy o'er my anxious bosom spread,
And peace my mind possessed.
Then with what rapture in His house
I with his people met!
Our cheerful songs and solemn vows
I never can forget.

2 I bid the joys of earth depart,
Nor tempt my feet astray:
And sweetly yielding up my heart,
My savior to obey:
I sought a dwelling in that house,
Where I his saints had met,
And the blest day that sealed my vows
I never can forget.

3 Though oft in sorrow's gloomy vale
My lot has since been cast,
Where faith and hope have seemed to fail
'Neath the tempestuous blast,
The season has not passed away
From recollection yet;
The gladness of that happy day
I never can forget.

4 Nor can I feel a deep concern
About my future lot,
Since from the word of truth I learn

My Savior changes not.
His hand, that helped in former years,
Has not been shortened yet;
His love, that calmed my early fears,
I never can forget.

And if on Canaan's blissful shore
I trace my pilgrim way,
And count the pains and pleasures o'er
Of life's short, chequered day,
Or on a golden harp I play
To sweeter music set,
The joy of my espousal-day
I never can forget.

06 8, 9, 10.

RELIGION is a glorious treasure,
Diffusion of the Savior's love,
The Spirit's comfort without measure;
It joins our souls to those above.
It calms our fears, it soothes our sorrows,
It smoothes our way o'er life's rough sea;
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

While journeying here through tribulations,
In phalanx firm we'll march along;
Contentions may divide the nations,
But Christ shall be our common song;
For pure religion knits together—
It binds in love, but makes us free.
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

How vain, how frail, how transitory,
This world, with all its pomp and show!
Its mighty names, renowned in story!

We'll gladly leave them all below.
A brighter object now enraptures—
In Christ alone we beauties see.
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

4 Our earthly house is fast dissolving,
And mortal life will soon be o'er;
The cares within us now revolving
Will soon afflict our hearts no more.
But pure religion lasts forever;
In death our souls shall strengthened
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion ours shall be.

THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE

107 L. M.

COME, ye that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage free
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow, happy road.

We're all united heart and hand,
Joined in one band completely:
We're marching through Immanuel's
Where the waters flow most sweetl

2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street.
Though hell may rage and vent its spi
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight

3 That happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hea

nd through the earth—yea, down to hell—
l call the nations, great and small.

old the world in burning flames,
trumpet louder still proclaims.
world must hear and know her doom;
separation day is come.

old the righteous marching home,
l all the angels bid them come,
ile Christ, the Judge, these words proclaims,
ere come my saints, I own their names.

e everlasting gates, fly wide,
te ready to receive my bride;
harps of heav'n, now sound aloud,
e comes the purchase of my blood."

grandeur see the royal line,
glittering robes the sun outshine.
saints and angels join in one,
l march in splendor to the throne.

y stand and wonder, and look on;
y join in one eternal song,
ir great Redeemer to admire,
ile raptures set their souls on fire.

C. M.

ROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
so my soul, and strive to gain
ome fellowship with God.

, what is there below the sky,
r all the paths thou'st trod,

Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God?

3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart
As fellowship with God.

4 Not health nor friendship, here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delights and comforts show
As fellowship with God.

5 When I in love am made to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

6 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
And dark distraction's road,
I'm happy, if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

7 And when the icy arms of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.

8 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And gain that blest abode,
There an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

109 L. M.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Savior see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire.
Come, O my Jesus! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

110 C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race—
A remnant weak and small—
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

111 7, 6.

NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, "Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What, though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine;
Ride on, O Lord, victorious!
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious—
Thy empire shall increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O, Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

112 8s.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath!
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God. He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train.
His truth forever stands secure.
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress—
The widow and the fatherless—
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

113 L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing.
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout, for joy, the Savior's name.
In every land begin the song;

To every land the strains belong.
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

114 L. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting Head.

2 He lives triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to save;
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives my Prophet, Priest and King.

3 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above;
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

4 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye;
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

5 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

6 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives my Jesus, still the same;
O the sweet joys the sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

115 11s, 10s.

HITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
To Bethlehem go, the Lord of Life to meet;
To you this day is born a Prince and Savior,
O come, and let us worship at his feet.

2 O Jesus! for such wond'rous condescension,
Our praise and our reverence are an off'ring meet;
Now is the word made flesh and dwells among us,
O come, and let us worship at his feet.

3 Shout his almighty name, ye choir of angels,
Let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Unto our God be glory in the highest—
O come, and let us worship at his feet.

116 L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding all,
And sav'd me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, O how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though hell and earth my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,

He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death!

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise.
His loving kindness in the skies.

117 L. M

HAIL! sov'reign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail! matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding place!

2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hands uplifted high—
Despised the offers of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.

3 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.

4 But lo! the eternal counsel ran,
"Almighty love, arrest the man!"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.

5 Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
Stern justice cried with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding place.

6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy for my soul appear'd;
She led me on a pleasant pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.

118 8, 7.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love!
See! he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of love, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth.
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown.
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own.
Happy objects of thy grace,
Chosen to behold thy face.

4 Savior, hasten thine appearing,
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,

Heaven and earth shall pass away!
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
Glory, glory to our King.

119 6, 4.

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word!
Gird on thy mighty sword!
Our prayer attend.
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

120 8s, 7s.

HOLY Bible, well I love thee:
Thou didst shine upon my way,
Like the glorious sun above me,
Turning darkness into day.
Just as the sun rolls back the night,
Breaking forth with morning ray,
So does the Bible's spreading light
Chase the shades of sin away.

2 Holy Bible, mines of treasure
In thy precious folds I see;
Earthly good would know no measure
If this world were ruled by thee.
Just as the sun, from morn till noon,
Stately climbs the eastern sky,
So over all the earth shall soon
Beam the Day-spring from on high.

3 Holy Bible, thou wilt cheer me
When I lay me down to die;
Christ has promised to be near me,
Can I fear when he is nigh?
Just as the sun descends at eve,
Soon with fresher beams to rise,
So shall the dying saint receive
Life eternal in the skies.

TEMPTATIONS AND TRIALS.

121 8, 7.

DARK and thorny is the desert
Through which pilgrims make their way,
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow
Lie the fields of endless day.

Fiends loud howling through the dese
Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low

2 O, young soldiers, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigor to decay?
Jesus, Jesus will go with you,
He will lead you to his throne—
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine press trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation—
He who bids the planets roll—
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command;
They are always hov'ring round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land.

4 There, on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
Lie the fields of endless rest.
Love, and joy, and peace for ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint the scenes of glory
Where the ransom'd dwell on high!
They, on golden harps, for ever
Sound redemption through the sky.

5 There a million flaming seraphs
Fly across the heav'nly plain,
Where they sing immortal praises.
Glory, glory is their strain.
But methinks a sweeter concert

Makes the heav'nly arches ring,
And the song is heard in Zion,
Which the angels can not sing.

6 O their crowns! how bright they sparkle!
Such as monarchs never wore;
They are gone to richer pastures,
Jesus is their shepherd there.
Hail! ye happy, happy spirits,
Death no more shall make you fear;
Grief or sorrow, pain or anguish,
Shall no more distress you there.

122 L. M.

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near;
Thy Savior's gracious promise hear.
His faithful word declares to thee,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And, if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name.
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

4 When call'd by Him to bear the cross,
Reproach, affliction, pain or loss,
Or deep distress and poverty,
Still "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

5 When death at length appears in view
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He'll come to set thy spirit free,
And as "thy day, thy strength shall be."

123 11s.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply.
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And, when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
He will not, he will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

124 6s, 8s.

THROUGH tribulation deep,
The way to glory is.
This stormy course I keep,
On these tempestuous seas.
By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driv'n,
Freighted with grace and bound to heav'n.

2 Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane,
And high the waters flow,
And o'er the sides break in;
But still my little ship outbraves
The blustering winds and surging waves.

3 Whene'er in deep distress,
My anchor hope can cast
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast.
Safely she then at anchor rides,
'Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.

4 If a dead calm ensues,
And heav'n no breezes give,
The oar of prayer I use.
I tug, and toil, and strive;
Through *storms* and calms, for many a day,
I make but very little way.

5 But when a heavenly breeze
  Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
  Before the pleasant gale,
And runs as much an hour, or more,
As in a month or two before.

6 Hid by the clouds from sight,
  The sun doth not appear,
Nor can I in the night
  Behold the moon or star.
Sometimes for days and weeks, or more,
I can not see the sky or shore.

7 As, at the time of noon,
  My quadrant, FAITH, I take,
To view my CHRIST, my sun,
  If he in clouds should break.
I'm happy when his face I see,
I know then whereabout I be.

8 The Bible is my chart,
  By it the seas I know;
I can not with it part.
  It rocks and sands doth show;
It is a chart and compass, too,
Whose needle points for ever true.

9 I keep aloof from pride—
  These rocks I pass with care.
I studiously avoid
  The whirlpool of despair.
Presumption's quicksands, too, I shun;
Near them I do not choose to run.

10 My vessel would be lost,
  In spite of all my care,
But that the Holy Ghost

Himself vouchsafes to steer;
And I, through all my voyage, will
Depend upon my steerman's skill.

11 Ere I can reach heaven's coast,
I must a gulf pass through,
Which fatal proves to most—
For all this passage go.
But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm,
If God himself is at my helm.

12 When through this gulf I get
(Though rough, it is but short),
The pilot angels meet,
And bring me into port.
And when I land on that blest shore,
I shall be safe for evermore.

125 L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far—by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy Seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd—
Or how *the hosts* of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat?

5 There, there, on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heav'n comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

6 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy Seat.

126 7s.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

127 L. M.

THERE is a heav'n o'er yonder skies—
A heav'n where pleasure never dies;
A heav'n I sometimes hope to see,
But fear again it's not for me.
But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, O Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Jesus; Jesus is my friend.

2 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
But Jesus, &c.

3 But, O my soul, arise and sing,
Yonder's thy Savior, friend and king,
With pleading smiles he now looks down,
And cries, "Press on, and here's the crown.
O Jesus, &c.

4 "Prove faithful then a few more days,
Fight the good fight and win the race,
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."
O Jesus, &c.

5 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
'Till the last joyful trump shall sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.

O Jesus, &c.

128 C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

129 8, 7.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.

Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are all my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Savior, too;
Human looks and hearts deceived me,
Thou art not like them untrue;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and light,
Foes may hate and friends disown me—
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather—
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before me,
God's own hand shall guide me there.
Soon shall close my earthly mission,
Soon shall pass my pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

130 7s, 6s.

SOLDIERS of the cross, arise
Lo! your leader from the skies
Waves before you glory's prize,
The prize of victory.

Seize your armor—gird it on,
The battle's yours, it will be won;
Tho' fierce the strife, 'twill soon be do
Then struggle manfully.

2 Jesus conquered when he fell,
Met and vanquish'd earth and hell;
Now he leads you on, to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt or who can fear?
"God our strength and shield" is near
We can not lose our cause.

3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod.
Follow where your leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
The crown of glory you shall gain,
And walk among that glorious train
Who shout their Savior's p

131 11, 10.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye le
Come, at the mercy's seat fervently
Here bring your wounded hearts, h
your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can r

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the stray
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pu
Here speaks the Comforter, in God
saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven
cure.

3 Go, ask the infidel what boon he brings us—
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,
Sweet as the heavenly promise hope sings us,
Earth has no sorrow that God can not heal.

132 7, 6.

GO, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the noon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray?

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee:
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition,
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
The spirit's silent breathing,
In meekness raised above,
Will reach his throne in glory,
Who's Mercy, Truth and Love.

4 Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power *that he has* given us
To pour our souls in prayer:

When e'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
And turn thee, in thy gladness,
To him who gave thee all.

133 L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, *I am the way.*"

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, bless'd Lam
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found.
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

134 C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gate of death.
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

6 O thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

135 8s.

FROM whence does this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls with such ties
As distance and time can't remove.
It can *not in* Eden be found,

Nor yet was in paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it has cost.

2 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts so united in love,
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder bright mansion above.
Oh! why, then, so loth now to part,
Since we shall, ere long, meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we can not remain.

3 And when we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above,
We shall leave these poor bodies of clay,
And soar to the mansions of love.
With Jesus we ever shall reign,
We all his bright glory shall see,
And sing, "Hallelujah! Amen.
Amen, even so let it be.

136 C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame—
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

eturn, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

he dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
elp me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

› shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
› purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

C. M.

M I a soldier of the cross—
A follower of the Lamb—
nd shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

ust I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
'hile others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

re there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

nre I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord.
ll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

ıy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;

They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine,
In robes of victory, through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

138 10, 11.

THOUGH troubles assail us, and dan
affright—
Though friends should all fail us, and foe
unite—
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide
The promise assures us, the Lord will prov

2 The birds without barn or storehouse, are
From them let us learn to trust for our br
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be den
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will prov

3 We all may, like ships, by the tempest
tossed,
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost.
Though Satan enrages the wind and the
Yet Scripture engages, the Lord will prov

4 His call we obey, like Abraham of old:
We know not the way, but faith make
bold;
For though we are strangers, we have a
guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will prov

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness
claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' name;

In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us thro';
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

139 8s.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers
Have all lost their sweetness to me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim—
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But, when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I—
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
Oh! drive these dark clouds from my sky—
Thy soul-cheering presence restore—
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

140 11, 8.

O THOU, in whose presence
My soul takes delight,
On whom, in affliction, I call—
My comfort by day,
And my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou, at noon-tide,
Resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
For why in the valley
Of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O, why should I wander
An alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice
When my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion,
Declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say if in your tents
My Beloved has been,
And where with his flocks is he gone?

5 This is my Beloved:
His form is divine;
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head
Are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

6 His voice, as the sound
Of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death.
The cedars of Lebanon
Bow at his feet—
The air is perfumed with his breath.

7 His lips as a fountain
Of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace,
From which their salvation
The Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

8 He looks, and ten thousand
Of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word.
He speaks, and eternity,
Fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

141 C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I can bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

142 L. M.

ETERNITY is just at hand,
And shall I waste my ebbing sand?
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 Be this my chief, my only care—
My high pursuit—my ardent prayer—
An interest in the Savior's blood,
My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.

3 But should my brightest hopes be vain,
The rising doubts, how sharp the pain!
My fears, O gracious God, remove!
Confirm my title to thy love.

4 Search, Lord—O search my inmost heart!
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From Guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

143 C. M.

YE weary, heavy-laden souls,
Who are oppressed and sore,
Ye trav'lers through the wilderness,
To Canaan's peaceful shore,
Tho' chilling winds and beating rains,

And waters deep and cold,
And enemies surrounding you,
Take courage and be bold.

2 We're often like the lonesome dove,
Who mourns her absent mate—
From hill to hill she mournful flies,
Her sorrows to relate.
But Canaan's land is just before,
Sweet spring is coming on;
A few more beating winds and rains,
And winter will be gone.

3 O what a glorious sight appears
To my believing eyes!
Methinks I see Jerusalem,
A city in the skies!
O that my faith were strong to raise,
And bear my soul away!
I'd shout salvation to the Lamb,
Through an eternal day.

144 8, 7.

SEE, Christian, see, how time steals on,
Soon will set life's sinking sun;
Like to the gleams of closing day,
Fade these fleeting hours away.

Then up, let us toil till our toilings are o'er,
Till we shall be borne to eternity's shore;
Our final summons having come,
How sweet the Christian's welcome home!
Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome home!
Sweet, O sweet, the Christian's welcome home!
Welcome home! welcome home!

2 Shout, brethren, shout! as you onward n
To your home prepared above;
Soon 'twill appear, and O, how bright!
Prayer to praise, and faith to sight.
Then up,

3 The prospect brightens while we sing
Glory to our heavenly King;
All hail, our blessed home above!
Glory to the God of love!
Then up,

4 See how the shades of death come nigh—
Blissful shades when Christians die!
They mark the path our Savior trod,
Dying saints to waft to God!

Then up, fellow Christian, let mourning be
Rejoice in thy Savior, rejoice ever more!
Our angel convoy having come,
How sweet the Christian's welcome home!

145 L. M.

A PILGRIM and a stranger here,
I seek the home to pilgrims dear;
I leave the world and sin behind,
That better home in heaven to find.

Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, roll on,
And let the poor pilgrims go home, go home

2 Fair lands are here, and houses fair,
But fairer is my home up there;
When death shall come, my soul shall fly
On wings of angels, through the sky.

3 What though I weep awhile below,
In heav'n my tears shall cease to flow;

In that fair clime of endless day,
The Lord shall wipe all tears away.

To living founts through verdant meads,
The Lamb his ransom'd followers leads;
The fruits and flowers of Paradise
In plenteous showers round them rise.

No death shall visit them again;
No sickness there, no touch of pain;
No mourning there, no fun'ral gloom,
But health and youth forever bloom.

46 8, 7.

A TRAV'LING pilgrim here I roam,
And aiming for bright glory;
I seek a country and a home,
A rest that's for the weary.
I left the world behind my back,
No more to seek its pleasure—
Set out to trace the narrow track,
And gain a better treasure.

Sometimes the wicked laugh and scorn,
And sinners do deride me;
They view me lost, and quite forlorn,
But Jesus he will guide me.
Sometimes I weep, sometimes I mourn,
Sometimes I sing sweet glory;
Sometimes I'm sad, sometimes I'm glad,
And long to tell my story.

Amaz'd the world in wonder stands,
And can not tell the meaning,
Why I rejoice and lift my hands,
And then am heard complaining.
But strangers they are to my joys,

And strangers to my sorrows;
I have a hope above the skies,
Where Jesus saves from terrors.

147 P. M.

WE have our trials here below,
But we sing, Hallelujah!
For a better day is coming,
Hallelujah!

2 A few more beating winds and rains,
O glory, &c.,
And the winter will be over.

3 A few more rising and setting suns,
O glory, &c.,
And we'll cross over Jordan.

4 Through storms and calms we urge our wa
O glory, &c.,
We're aiming for bright glory.

5 We expect to reach there by and by,
O glory, &c.,
Our home is over Jordan.

6 We have some friends before us gone,
O glory &c.,
By and by we'll go and meet them.

7 We'll meet them around our Father's thron
O glory, &c.,
And live with God for ever.

8 O how it lifts my soul to think,
O glory &c.,
Of meeting in the kingdom.

'ur God will wipe all tears away,
O glory, &c.,
Vhen we arrive at Canaan.

8 8, 6.

YE valiant soldiers of the cross,
Ye happy praying band,
'hough in this world you suffer loss,
You'll reach fair Canaan's land.
us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world,
'or we've all got the cross to bear;
vill only make the crown the brighter to shine,
Vhen we have the crown to wear.

.ll earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
When heaven appears in view,
ı Jesus strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through.
Chorus.

', what a glorious shout there'll be
When we arrive at home:
'ur friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say, "Well done."
Chorus.

9 8, 7.

THOUGH traveling through a wilderness,
And duty's call divide us,
'hough many a winter's storm distress,
The star of hope will guide us.
We'll stand the storm, it won't be long,
The heavenly port is nigh:
We'll stand the storm, it won't be long,
And anchor by and by.

2 And this shall cheer the lonely way,
And gild the gloom of sorrow,
And, through the shades of parting day,
Point to a brighter morrow.

Chorus.

3 But should this star be clouded here,
And should we meet, O, never!
The transient joys of life to share,
'Twill not be dimm'd for ever.

Chorus.

4 No! we shall meet, though parted here,
To part again—no, never!
But, joyful with our Savior, there
To spend a long forever.

Chorus.

REJOICING IN HOPE.

150 P. M

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptur'd vision
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian.
Lo! we lift our longing eyes;
Break, ye intervening skies.
Sons of righteousness, arise,
Open the gates of paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him:
Myriads, with supreme delight,

Instantly adore him.
Angelic trumps resound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name—
Heaven shall echo with the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing his great salvation—
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! Holy! Holy One!

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us.
Join we to the holy lays—
Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus—Jesus flow along.

151 7, 6.

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountains
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And, with my bless'd Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,

And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace, I am determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them all adieu,
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the gospel armor
Of faith, and hope and love,
And, when your race is ended,
You'll reign with him above.

5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend;
Nor yet will he upbraid you,
Though oft times you request.
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

152 4, 8 & 2, 6.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings.

It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand and, from the mountain top,
See all the land below.
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest.
There dwells the Lord, our righteous,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears—
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in,
Cast out thy foes: the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove.
The purchase of thy death divide,
And O, with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love!

153 10s.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

2 Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

3 Friends I have there, who have passed before.
Waiting, they watch me approaching tl shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilli gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dor
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

5 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me l
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow
Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.

6 Bright with the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his scepter be go
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

154 C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

155 C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die,
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high—
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,

And gladly wander up and down,
  And smile at toil and pain.
I'll suffer on my threescore years,
  Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
  And take his exile home.

3 O what has Jesus bought for me?
  Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
  And trees of paradise.
I see a world of spirits bright,
  Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
  And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
  If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to appear,
  And worship at thy feet?
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain—
  Take life or friends away—
But let me find life, friends and joys,
  In that eternal day.

156 P. M.

O COME, come away, from labor r
  posing,
Let anxious care awhile forbear,
  O come, come away!
O come, our sacred joys renew,
And here, where faith will strengthen
And Christ will welcome you,
  O come, come away.

2 From toil and from care, on which th
  closing,
The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve

O come, come away!
O come where God will smile on thee,
And in our hearts will rapture be,
And time pass happily,
O come, come away!

3 While tuned to God's love, the angel harps are ringing,
And sound his praise through endless days,
O come, come away!
In answering songs of sympathy,
We'll sing in tuneful harmony,
From earth's temptation free,
O come, come away.

4 The bright day is gone, the moon and stars appearing,
With silver light illume the night,
O come, come away!
Come join your prayers with ours, address
Kind heaven, here our hearts to bless
With peace, hope, happiness,
O come, come away!

157 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8, 6, 6.

THE pearl that wordlings covet
Is not the pearl for me,
Its beauty fades as quickly
As sunshine on the sea;
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
'Tis called the pearl of greatest price.
Though few its value see,
O that's the pearl for me!

2 The crown that decks the monarch
Is not the crown for me;
It dazzles but a moment,

Its brightness soon will flee.
But there's a crown prepared above
For all who walk in humble love,
For ever bright 'twill be,
O that's the crown for me!

3 The road that many travel
Is not the road for me;
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be.
But there's a road that leads to God,
'Tis marked by Christ's most precious
The passage here is free,
O that's the road for me!

4 The hope that sinners cherish
Is not the hope for me;
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin made free.
But there's a hope which trusts the Lo
And leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful passions flee.
O that's the hope for me!

158 C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace with thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-buil
And pearly gates behold—
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,

Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Bless'd seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Savior stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee!
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

159 P. M.

I SEEK a place which is out of sight,
A city above in the skies;
There, there is a home, all pure and bright,
And homeward my spirit still hies.

I'm bound for home, for my blissful home,
The house and city above;
And all who forsake their sins may come,
And dwell in that city of love.

2 It is a place where they heave no sigh,
Where sorrow can never be known,
But where I shall drink from the founts of joy
That gush ever bright from the throne.

I'm bound for home, &c.

3 It is a place where they never die,
Where beauty and youth never fade,
Where never is heard the mournful cry,
"My friend, my beloved, is dead."
I'm bound for home, &c.

4 It is a place where they sin no more,
Where Satan, my foe, can not lure;
And O, when I reach that blessed shore,
My soul is for ever secure.
I'm bound for home, &c.

5 It is a place where the Savior reigns—
That Jesus who was nailed to the tree—
He purchased that place with blood and pain
And went to prepare it for me.
I'm bound for home, &c.

160 C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

61 P. M.

A HOME in heaven! what a joyful thought!
As the poor man toils in his weary lot;
His heart oppressed, and with anguish riven,
From his home below to a home in heaven.

A home in heaven! as the suff'rer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of a home in heaven.

A home in heaven! When our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And our strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

A home in heaven! When the sinner mourns,
And, with contrite heart, to the Savior turns,
O then what bliss, in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven!

A home in heaven! When our friends are fled
To the cheerless grave of the moldering dead,
We wait in hope of the promise given,
We will meet again in our home in heaven.

62 C. M.

MY God, the Spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:

Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'rer through.

163 L. M.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place.
My Savior doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face;
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil.
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,
And not one bit of grace appear,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin, and only sin, is here;
Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see,
Yet will I in my Savior trust,
And glory that he died for me.

4 In hope, believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God I claim;
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesus' name.
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

164 L. M.

I'M glad that I am born to die,
From grief and wo, my soul shall fly
Bright angels shall from glory come,
And bear the weary pilgrim home.

2 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
I hope to praise him after death;
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

3 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home:
My Savior smiles and bids me come;
Bright angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

4 When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems of the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

5 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode;
My theme through all eternity
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

165 10, 7.

OUT on an ocean all boundless we rid
We're homeward bound, homeward b
Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless
We're homeward bound, homeward b
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've r
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestow
We're homeward bound, homeward b

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it ros
We're homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly al
We're homeward bound;
Steady, O Pilot! stand firm at the whe
Steady! we soon shall outweather the g
Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud-creakin
We're homeward bound.

3 We'll tell the world, as we journey alo
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our thro
We're homeward bound;
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and opp
Join in our number, oh, come and be b
Journey with us to the mansions of rest
We're homeward bound.

4 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide
Were home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last;

Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

166 9, 11.

I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
Do not detain me, for I'm going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 There the glory is ever shining:
I am longing, I am longing for the sight.
Here in this country so dark and dreary
I have been wandering forlorn and weary.
I am a pilgrim, &c.

3 There's the city to which I journey—
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
There is no sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

167 C. M.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and *pla*
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
For thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

168 9, 8.

A BEAUTIFUL land by faith I see,
A land of rest, from sorrows free,
The home of the ransom'd, bright and fair,
And beautiful angels, too, are there.
Will you go? Will you go?
Go to that beautiful land with me?
Will you go? Will you go?
Go to that beautiful land?

2 That beautiful land, the City of Light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day
Hath driven the darkness far away.
Will you, &c.

3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I too behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.
Will you, &c.

4 The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light;
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Savior's matchless grace.
Will you, &c.

169 S. M.

MY times are in thy hand—
O God, I wish them there;
My life, my soul, my friends, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 My times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As may best seem to thee,

3 My times are in thy hand,
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hands will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in thy hand,
Jesus the crucified;
The hand our many sins have pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

5 My times are in thy hand—
I'll always trust in thee;
Till I have left this weary land,
And all thy glory see.

170 C. M.

HAIL! sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail! sacred hope that tunes our minds
To harmony divine:
It is the hope—the blissful hope—
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are pass'd,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the Northern wintry blast
Shall howl around thy cot?
What though beneath an Eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot?
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are pass'd,
We all shall meet in heaven.

3 From Burmah's shore, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain;
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again:
It is the hope—the blissful hope—
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are pass'd,
We all shall meet in heaven.

4 No lingering hope, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And hope immortal grows:
O! sacred hope!—O! blissful hope—
Which Jesus' grace has given—
The hope, when days and years are pass'd,
We all shall meet in heaven.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

171 8, 7.

BRETHREN, we have met to worship
And adore the Lord our God;
Will you pray with all your power,
While we try to preach the Word?
All is vain, unless the Spirit
Of the Holy One come down.
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be shower'd all around.

2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you
Slumb'ring on the brink of woe;
Death is coming, hell is moving,
Can you bear to let them go?
See our fathers and our mothers,
And our children sinking down.
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.

3 Brethren, here are poor backsliders,
Who were once near heaven's door,
But they have betrayed their Savior,
And are worse than e'er before;
Yet the Savior offers pardon,
If they will lament their wound.
Brethren, pray, and holy manna
Will be showered all around.

4 Sisters, will you join and help, like
Moses' sisters helped him,
While you see the trembling sinners,
Who are struggling hard with sin?
Tell them all about the Savior,
Tell them that he will be found.
Pray on, sisters, and the manna
Will be shower'd all around.

5 Let us love our God supremely,
  Let us love each other, too;
Let us love and pray for sinners,
  'Till our God makes all things new;
Then he'll call us home to heaven,
  At his table we'll sit down;
Christ will gird himself, and serve us
  With sweet manna all around.

172 10, 8.

WHAT happy children who follow Jesus
  Into the house of prayer and praise,
And join in union, while love increases,
  Resolved this way to spend our days!
Although we're hated by the world and Satan,
  By the flesh, and such as love not God,
Yet happy moments and joyful seasons
  We oft times find on Canaan's road.

2 Since we've been waiting on lovely Jesus,
  We've felt some strength come from above;
Our hearts have burned with holy rapture,
  We long to be absorbed by love.
Then let us hold fast what is given,
  And trust in God for time to come;
Sure we shall find our way to heaven,
  So farewell, brethren, we're going home.

3 And as we go, let us praise our Jesus,
  And pray for those who spurn his grace,
Lest they should lose love's richest treasure,
  And ne'er enjoy his smiling face.
Now here's my heart and my best wishes,
  In token of my Christian love,
In hopes with you to praise my Jesus;
  So farewell, brethren, we'll meet above.

173 11s.

FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand
That we must be parted from this social band;
Our several engagements now call us away,
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while,
We shall soon meet again, if kind Providence smile;
But when we are parted, and scattered abroad,
We'll pray for each other when wrestling with God.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharg'd,
The war will be ended, your treasures enlarged;
With shouting and singing, tho' Jordan may roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.

4 Farewell, ye young converts, who're listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near:
Although you must travel the dark wilderness,
Your captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.

5 The world, and the devil, and hell all unite,
And bold persecution will try you to fright;
But Jesus stands for you, who is stronger than they—
Let this animate you to march on your way.

6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad, broken heart,
O *hasten to Jesus,* and choose the good part;

He's full of compassion, and mighty to
His arms are extended, your souls to r

7 Farewell, faithful Christians, farew
around,
Perhaps we'll not meet till the last
shall sound;
To meet you in glory, I'll give you m
Our Savior to praise in a pure social b

174 C. M.

OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one v
'Tis heaven on earth begun.
Our hearts have burned while Jesus s
And glow'd with sacred fire;
He stopp'd and talk'd, and fed and ble
And fill'd the enlarged desire.

A Savior let creation sing;
A Savior let all heaven ring.
He's God with us; we feel him
His fullness on our souls he pou
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'e
We're joining those who're gone
We then shall meet to part no m

2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly;
We'll stand unshaken, firm and fix'd,
With Christ to live and die.
Let devils rage and men assail,
We'll cut our passage through
Let foes unite, and friends desert,
We'll seize the crown, our due.

A Savior,

3 The litttle cloud increases still,
The heav'ens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour the mighty flood;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
'Till all proclaim thee God.

A Savior, &c.

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown,
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own,
May we, a little band of love—
We sinners sav'd by grace—
From glory into glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

A Savior, &c.

175 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7.

ONCE, upon the heaving ocean,
Rode a bark at evening tide,
While the waves in wild commotion
Dash'd against the vessel's side.
Jesus, sleeping on a pillow,
Heeded not the raging billow;
While the winds were all abroad,
Calmly slept the Son of God.

2 In that dark and stormy hour,
Fearful ones awaked their Lord:
Jesus, by his sovereign power,
Calm'd the tempest with a word.
On life's dark and restless ocean,
'Mid the billows' wild commotion,

Trembling soul, your Lord is there,
He will make you still his care.

3 Jesus knows your silent weeping,
When before his throne you bow;
Never, never, is he sleeping
Where he reigns in glory now.
If the world is dark before thee,
If the billows, rolling o'er thee,
All thy soul with terror fill,
Hear him saying, "Peace, be still!"

176 10s, 5s & 11s.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master app
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of

2 Our life as a dream, our time as a strean
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millenial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's he

3 O that each in the day of his coming ma
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst giv
to do!"
O that each from his Lord may receiv
glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on
throne."

177 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by;
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragnant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom.
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

178 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

THIS world is poor, from shore to shore;
Its greatest treasures even—
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
And gems and crowns—are vain and poor.
There's nothing rich but heaven.

2 Empires decay, and nations die,
Our hopes to winds are given;
The vernal blooms in ruin lie—
Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky.
There's nothing lives but heaven.

3 Creation's mighty fabric all
Shall be to atoms riven;
The skies consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball.
There's nothing firm but heaven.

4 A stranger lonely here I roam,
From place to place I'm driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom—
This earth is all a lonely tomb,
I have no home but heaven.

5 The clouds disperse, and light appears,
My sins are all forgiven—
Triumphant grace has quell'd my fears.
Roll on, thou son—fly swift, my years—
I'm on my way to heaven.

6 Adieu to all below! adieu!
Let life's dull chain be riven!
The charms of Christ have caught my vi
The world of light will I pursue,
To live with him in Heaven.

179 7s.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear.
Foes we have, but we've a Friend—
One that loves us to the end.
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news shall come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part,

n's malice free,
n victorious be;
news will come,
'ather calls—come home."

oes we meet,
slead our feet,
into sin,
iat dwell within.
spoil your peace;
conquer these.
news will come,
ather calls—come home."

8, 7.

all, on you I call,
look around you;
, bound to oppose,
to confound you.
alls from Zion's walls—
ar sleep and slumber;
, we'll win the day,
re few in number.

ove for him you love,
s great power;
but never fly,
l be your tower.
sure, if we'll endure,
contest stronger;
e shall crown the strife,
struggles longer.

e will soon be o'er,
f triumph sounded;
ht shall with delight
t be grounded.

FOUNTAIN of life, to all be
Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish, and o'erflow,
Every believing soul.

2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid ti
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time
To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing he
We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundl
Into thy fulness fall;
Be lost and swallowed up in the

2 O have ye ventured to the field
Well armed with hemlet, sword and shield?
And shall the world, with dread alarms,
Compel you now to ground your arms?

3 O come, young soldiers, count the cost,
And say what pleasures have you lost,
Or what misfortune does it bring
To have Jehovah for your King?

4 O what contentment did you find
When love of pleasure ruled your mind?
No sweet reflections lull'd your rest,
Nor conscious virtue calm'd your breast.

5 Did you not dread that awful day
That soon must sweep your joys away,
When death shall sing, in mournful strain,
"Let dust return to dust again?"

6 But now your thoughts delight to soar
Where earth and time shall be no more;
They pass the grave, and mount on high
To the fair fields above the sky.

183 6, 4, 7.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Savior King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away!

Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.
O, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
We reign for aye!

184 C. M.

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place;
I seek my place in heaven—
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O, by faith, I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And let the vessels break,

And let our ransom'd spirits go
  To grasp the God we seek;
In rapt'rous awe on him we gaze,
  Who bought the sight for me,
And shout, and wonder at his grace
  To all eternity.

85 8s

LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
  Of all that travel to the sky,
Come and with us—e'en us—abide,
  Who would on thee alone rely.
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
  This earth, we know, is not our place;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
  And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

We have no 'biding city here,
  But seek a city out of sight.
Thither our steady course we steer,
  Aspiring to the plains of light—
Jerusalem, the saint's abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

Patient th' appointed race to run,
  This weary world we cast behind.
From strength to strength we travel on,
  The New Jerusalem to find.
Our labor this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.

5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven—
That palace of our glorious King;
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way, with strength renew'd,
The Church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Savior in the skies.

186 7, 6.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rd heaven, thy native place.
Sun, moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun—
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize.
Soon our Savior will return,
Triumphant in the skies;

Yet a season, and, you know,
  Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
  And earth exchanged for heaven.

187 7, 6, 8.

VAIN, delusive world adieu,
  With all of creature good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
  Who bought me with his blood.
All thy pleasures I forego;
  I trample on thy wealth and pride,
Only Jesus will I know,
  And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain—
  'Tis all but vanity.
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain;
  He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless woe,
  The sin-atoning Victim died!
Only Jesus will I know,
  And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest.
  My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
  Shall never more depart.
Whither should a sinner go?
  His wounds for me stand open wide.
Only Jesus will I know,
  And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
  And pleasure without end.
This is all my happiness,
  On Jesus to depend,

Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide.
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

5 O that I could all invite
This saving truth to prove!
Show the length, the breadth, the hight
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood of faith alone applied!
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

188 7s.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing—
Sing our Savior's heavenly praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod.
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of our land.
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

5 *Lord*, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below.

Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

189 C. M.

AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on.
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Holds thee in full survey.
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high.
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Bless'd Savior! introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet,
I'll lay my honors down.

190 6, 8, 4.

THE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
By *earth and heaven* confess'd;

I bow and bless the sacred name
Forever bless'd.

2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand.
I all the earth forsake—
Its wisdom, fame and power—
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways.
He calls a worm his friend;
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He, by himself, hath sworn,
I on his oath depend.
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend.
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

191 5, 6.

BREAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest.
Onward and onward still
Be thine endeavor;

The rest that remaineth
Shall be for ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee.
He that hath promised
Faltereth never;
The love of eternity
Flows on forever.

3 Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth.
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever:
Mount when thy work is done,
Praise him for ever.

192 8, 7.

THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven—
The name before his wondrous birth
To Christ the Savior given.

We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus!
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

2 His human name they did proclaim
When Abr'am's son they seal'd him—
The name that still, by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.

We love to sing, &c.

3 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote his name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.
We love to sing, &c.

4 So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Savior Jesus.
We love to sing, &c.

5 To Jesus every knee shall bow,
And every tongue confess him,
And we unite with saints in light,
Our only Lord to bless him.
We love to sing, &c.

6 O Jesus, by that matchless name,
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same for ever.
Then let us sing, around our King,
The faithful, precious Jesus, &c.

193 6, 8.

WELCOME, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest.
From low delights and trifling toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,

While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Reveal a Savior's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

194 7s.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day,—
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 As we meet, thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
While we in thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:

Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

195 7, 4.

THE gospel ship is sailing,
Sailing, sailing,
The gospel ship is sailing,
Bound for Canaan's happy shore;
All who would ship for glory,
Glory, glory,
All who would ship for glory,
Come and welcome, rich and poor.
Glory, hallelujah!
All on board are sweetly singing,
Glory, hallelujah!
Hallelujah to the Lamb!

2 She has landed many thousands,
Thousands, thousands,
She has landed many thousands,
On fair Canaan's happy shore;
And thousands now are sailing,
Sailing, sailing,
And thousands now are sailing,
Yet there's room for thousands more.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

3 Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Breezes, breezes,
Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along.
Her company are singing,
Singing singing,
Her company are singing,
Glory, glory is their song.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

4 Take passage now for glory,
Glory, glory,
Take passage now for glory,
Sailing o'er life's troubled sea;
With us you shall be happy,
Happy, happy,
With us you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

196 7, 6.

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day;
"Ye are the men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the Gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger
Be *never wanting* there.

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be:
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

197 7, 6.

LIVE on the field of battle!
Be earnest in the fight;
Stand forth with manly courage,
And struggle for the right.
Live on the field of battle!
Live on the field of battle!
Live on the field of battle!
Live, live, live!

2 Watch on the field of battle!
The foe is every where;
His fiery darts fly thickly,
Like lightning thro' the air.
Watch on the field of battle!
Watch, watch, watch!

3 Pray on the field of battle!
God works with those who pray,
His mighty arm can nerve us,
And make us win the day.
Pray on the field of battle!
Pray, pray, pray!

4 Die on the field of battle!
'Tis noble thus to die;
God smiles on valiant soldiers—

Their record is on high.
Die on the field of battle!
Glory in view!

198 8, 7—*double.*

WATCHMAN, tell me, does the morning
Of fair Zion's glory dawn?
Have the signs that mark its coming
Yet upon thy pathway shone?
Pilgrim, yes! arise, look round thee:
Light is breaking in the skies;
Gird thy bridal robes around thee,
Morning dawns, arise, arise!

2 Watchman, see, the light is beaming,
Brighter still upon the way;
Signs through all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day
When the Jubal trumpet sounding,
Shall awake from earth and sea,
And the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

3 Watchman, hail, the light ascending,
Of the grand Sabbatic year;
All with voices loud proclaiming
That the kingdom's very near:
Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder
Canaan's glorious hights arise,
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
Towering 'neath its sun-lit skies.

4 Watchman, in the golden city,
Seated on his jasper throne,
Zion's king enthroned in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There on sun-lit hills and mountains,

Golden beams serenely glow;
Purling streams and crystal fountains,
On whose banks sweet flow'rets grow.

5 Watchman, see, the land is nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flowers,
On just yonder, O how cheering
Bloom forever Eden's bowers!
Hark! the choral strains are ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air,
See the millions, hear them singing,
Soon the pilgrim will be there.

199 8s, 6s.

SOLDIER of Christ, be not cast down
Why drops thy nerveless hand?
Have faith, and Hope, and Courage gon
Fear'st thou the alien band?
Take heart! 'twill not be always night,
Thro' riven clouds afar
Gleams down in rays of diamond light,
The Bright and Morning Star,
The Bright and Morning Star.

2 Seek not the ground in weak despair,
Nor break 'neath suffering's rod;
The fight thou wagest is the care
Of the all-loving God.
Joy comes thro' sorrow, death brings lif
Peace rides on battle's car;
And beams, on darkest night of strife,
The Bright and Morning Star,
The Bright and Morning Star,

3 Press on the foe! God rules the years,
Wrong shall not triumph long;
Expectant faith already hears

Truth's glad, victorious song.
The nations soon shall own their King,
The wise from near and far,
Once more to him their off'rings bring,
The Bright and Morning Star,
The Bright and Morning Star.

4 Then fear not, Christian, for the right,
Nor falter 'mid the fray;
For Truth is victor—Error's night
Flies from the coming day.
Thine eye thro' dust and tears may see,
On heaven's broad scroll afar,
The promise sure, "I'll give to thee
The Bright and Morning Star,
The Bright and Morning Star."

200 7, 6.

COME, brethren, don't grow weary,
But let us journey on;
The moments will not tarry,
This life will soon be gone;
The passing scenes all tell us
That death will surely come;
These bodies soon will moulder,
In the dark and dreary tomb.

There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest,
There is sweet rest in heaven.

2 Loved ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away,
O'er æriel plains they're soaring,
Blest in eternal day;
But we are in the army,

And dare not leave our post;
We'll fight until we conquer
The foe's most mighty host.
There is sweet rest in heaven, &c.

3 Our Captain's gone before us,
He kindly calls us home
To yonder world of glory,
And sweetly bids us come.
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will strive to hedge our way,
But we'll o'ercome these powers—
And hourly watch and pray.
There is sweet rest in heaven, &c.

4 And Jesus will be with us,
E'en to our journeys end,
In every sore affliction,
His present help to lend.
He never will grow weary,
Though often we request,
He'll give us grace to conquer,
And take us home to rest.
There is sweet rest in heaven, &c.

201 L. M.

STAND up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Firm as a rock on Ocean's strand!
Beat back the waves of sin that roll,
Like raging floods around thy soul!
Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand!
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand.
Stand up, his righteous cause defend;
Stand up for Jesus, your best friend.

2 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Sound forth his name o'er sea and land!
Spread ye his word abroad,
Till all the world shall own him Lord!

Stand up for Jesus, &c.

3 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand!
Till heathen lands with wond'ring eye,
Its rising glory shall descry.

Stand up for Jesus, &c.

4 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest immortal band,
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light on Heaven's bright shore.

Stand up for Jesus, &c.

202 L. M.

TOGETHER let us sweetly live,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Together let us sweetly die,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

Oh, Canaan! bright Canaan!
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Oh, Canaan! it is my happy home!
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

2 If you get there before I do,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,

Oh, Canaan! bright Canaan! &c.

3 Part of my friends the prize have won,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;

And I am resolved to travel on,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
Oh, Canaan! bright Canaan! &c.

4 Then come with me, beloved friend,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
The joys of heaven shall never end,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
Oh, Canaan! bright Canaan! &c.

5 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
While higher still our joys they rise,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
Oh, Canaan! bright Canaan! &c.

203 11.

THE people are gath'ring from near and from far,
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war,
The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long,
We'll gird on our armor, and be marching along.

Marching along, we are marching along,
Gird on the armor and be marching along,
The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long,
Then gird on the armor and be marching along.

2 The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver nor turn from the way,
The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song,
With courage and faith we are marching along.—*Chorus.*

3 We've enlisted for life, and will camp on the field,
With Christ as our Captain we never will yield;
The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.—*Chorus.*

4 Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin;
But one thing assures us—we can not do wrong,
If trusting our Savior, while marching along.
Chorus.

204 11, 7.

WE are joyously voyaging over the main,
Bound for the evergreen shore,
Whose inhabitants never of sickness complain,
And never see death any more.

Then let the hurricane roar,
It will the sooner be o'er;
We will weather the blast,
And will land at last
Safe on the evergreen shore.

2 We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave,
Under our Savior's command;
And our hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave,
For Jesus will bring us to land.
Then let the hurricane roar, &c.

3 Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls;
Nothing can baffle his skill:
And his voice, when the thund'ring hurricane rolls,
Can make the loud tempest be still.
Then let the hurricane roar, &c.

4 Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock or the shoal,
Sink to be seen never more,
He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul,
Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.
Then let the hurricane roar, &c.

205 8, 7.

WHITHER go'st thou, pilgrim, stranger,
Pass'ing through this darksome vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?
I'm bound for the kingdom;
Will you go to glory with me?
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

2 Pilgrim, thou dost justly call me,
Wandering o'er this waste so wide;
Yet no harm will e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a Guide.
I'm bound, &c.

3 Such a Guide! No guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If a guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
I'm bound, &c.

4 Yes, unseen; but still, believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He from every harm defend.
I'm bound, &c.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
I'm bound, &c.

6 No: that stream has nothing frightful;
To its brink my steps I bend.
There to plunge will be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.
I'm bound, &c.

7 While I gaz'd, with speed surprising,
Down the stream he plunged from sight.
Gazing still, I saw him rising
Like an angel clothed with light.
I'm bound, &c.

206 8, 6.

WE'RE traveling home to heaven above,
Will you go? will you go?
To sing the Savior's dying love,
Will you go? will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road.
Will you go? will you go?

2 We're going where tears will never flow.
Will you go? will you go?

And sorrow we no more shall know,
Will you go? will you go?
'Tis there the saints shall die no more,
But live with Christ in heaven secure,
Their God and Savior to adore.
Will you go? will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go? will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go? will you go?
There saints and angels sweetly sing
Hosannas to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring.
Will you go? will you go?

4 Ye mourning, heavy-laden soul,
Will you go? will you go?
Where peace and joy for ever roll,
Will you go? will you go?
Jesus is ready to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
He'll give thy troubled conscience ease.
Come believe! come believe!

5 Come, O backsliders! come away!
Will you go? will you go?
Return again to Christ and say,
I will go! I will go!
The Lord will thy backslidings heal,
His love again he will reveal,
And pardon on thy conscience seal.
Will you go? will you go?

6 The way to heaven is free for all,
Will you go? will you go?
For Jew and Gentile, great and small,
Will you go? will you go?

Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory make a start.
Will you go? will you go?

The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Will you go? will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you go? will you go?
The Savior cries aloud to thee,
Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see.
Come to me! come to me!

207 L. M.

FAREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,
I have no home, or stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view.

Farewell, farewell, farewell;
My loving friends, farewell.

Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal's care or bliss;
I leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.

Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That we shall all soon meet above.

Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've *struggled* long and hard for heav'n;

5 Farewell, ye blooming
Sore conflicts yet aw
Yet dauntless keep the
Till Canaan's happy

6 Farewell, poor careless
It grieves my heart t
Eternal vengeance wai
O turn, and find salv.

O turn
And fi

208 7s.

BROTHER soldier, sti
Till the battle thou
The great Captain thou
Never did a battle lose.

We, his soldie
Happy in eter

2 Advocates for sin do sav

Still fight on, and you shall see
All the sons of Anak flee;
Fear them not, tho' they be tall,
Our great Captain conquers all.

More than conqu'rors, we shall be
Happy through eternity.

99 10, 5, 11.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
With vigor arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies;
Of heavenly birth, though wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

At Jesus' call we gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus' sake, our enjoyments below.
No longing we find for the country behind,
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above—

A country of joy, without any alloy,
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
We march, hand in hand, to Immanuel's land,
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth—for eternity's near

The rougher our way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

210 8, 7

OUR kindred dear to heaven have gone,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
They landed safe—we'll follow on
To meet our friends in glory!

We're marching to glory!
We're marching to glory!
We're marching to glory!
To meet our friends in glory!
We're on the way to paradise,
To meet our friends in glory!

2 Like us, they had their cares and fears,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Like us they shed affliction's tears,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Chorus.

3 They had to fight their passage through,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
But conquered, as we soon shall do,
And meet our friends in glory!
Chorus.

4 Now they are shining bright and fair,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Victorious palms with joy they bear,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Chorus.

5 Safe housed in their eternal home,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
They wait till we, with songs, shall come,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Chorus.

211 4, 7.

PRAY, brethren, pray!
The prayer of faith availeth;
Pray, brethren, pray!
On God your spirits stay.

A few more days in sorrow,
And the Lord will call us home,
To walk the golden streets
Of the New Jerusalem.

2 Sing, brethren, sing!
Rejoice with joy and gladness;
Sing, brethren, sing!
Your songs of triumph bring.

Chorus.

3 Rise, brethren, rise!
Your souls by faith ascending;
Rise, brethren, rise!
Your home is in the skies.

Chorus.

4 Home, brethren, home!
That home is pure and holy;
Home, brethren, home!
No evil there can come.

Chorus.

5 Come, brethren, come!
We'll travel on together;
Come, brethren, come!
We're on our journey home.

Chorus.

6 Come, sinner, too!
Christ came to save poor sinners;

Come, sinner, too!
The message is to you.
O wait not for to-morrow!
For to-morrow may not come!
Repent, and come with us
To the New Jerusalem!

212 6, 5.

WHEN shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes,
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall pure friendship glow
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill—
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Savior;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel—
Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;

Soon will peace wreathe her chain
  Round us for ever.
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes,
Our songs of praise shall close—
  Never—no, never!

213 6s, 8s.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
  And put your armor on;
Engage your enemies:
  Let every fear be gone:
Now take the field, the fight renew,
And never yield—"though faint, pursue."

2 Come feed on heavenly bread,
  'Twill make you strong to fight;
God will supply your need,
  And put your foes to flight:
His arm is strong, his word is true,
Ye saints, go on, "though faint, pursue."

3 Wage war with every foe,
  For God is on your side,
Let all the nations know
  That you in God confide:
Gird on your sword, the fight renew,
Look to the Lord, "though faint, pursue."

4 Though sin, and death, and hell,
  Your heavenly march oppose;
Fear not, it shall be well,
  God will confound your foes:
Go on, ye saints, the fight renew,
And Gideon-*like*, "*though* faint, pursue."

5 Ne'er lay your weapons down,
Till death shall close the strife;
Till you receive a crown
Of everlasting life:
On God depend, the fight renew,
As Gideon conquered, so shall you.

214 12s.

I AM weary of straying! O fain wo
In that far distant land of the pur
blest!
Where sin can no longer its bland
spread,
And tears and temptations for ever l

2 I am weary of hoping—where hope is
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning
dew;
I long for that land whose blest prom
Is changeless and sure as eternity's t

3 I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows o
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade
birth;
O'er the pangs of the loved, that w
assuage;
O'er the blightings of youth, and the
of age.

4 I am weary of loving what passes aw
The sweetest, the dearest, alas may
I long for that land where these pa
o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide
more.

5 I am weary, my Savior, of grieving thy love—
Oh, when shall I rest in thy presence above!
I am weary—but oh, let me never repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine!

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

215 12, 11.

YE children of Zion, who're aiming for glory,
Enlisted with Jesus to fight against hell,
New Canaan's bright borders are now just before you,
Tho' Jordan's proud billows its banks overswell.
Ten thousand have cross'd it, and are now in glory,
A shouting and telling the triumphant story;
And Jesus, our Savior, will bring us oll over,
In the land of sweet Canaan for ever to dwell.

2 This makes my heart joyful—it fills me with pleasure—
That suff'ring and toiling will one day be o'er;
At the feet of my Savior I'll there count my treasure,
Where sin, pain and sorrow can reach me no more.
Be bold and courageous, and fear not the devil,
Though he should speak of you all manner of evil;
For though Satan rages, yet Jesus engages
To bring us all shouting to Canaan's bright shore.

3 Like ships on the ocean we're tossed by commotion,
But Christ is the pilot, and he's a sure guide.
If sick and afflicted, kind love has a lotion
Which flows in abundance from Jesus' side:
Though Satan's wild whirlwinds, like deluges roaring,
And floods of temptation as hail are downpouring,
Though devils should haunt you, yet let them not daunt you,
For Jesus rules over the wind and the tide.

4 I feel his love blazing. My spirits are raising.
Had I angel's pinions, away would I go,
And see that bright city, and hear angels praising,
And all the enjoyment of glory to know.
To our great God and Father, that shines throughout heaven,
All glory from saints and from angels be given.
My heart's all on fire—my Jesus draws nigher;
His love, like an ocean, all through me doth flow.

5 His love so constrains me, this earth can't contain me:
My soul is so joyful, I'm filled with new wine.
'Tis grace that supports me, and glory awaits me,
While beams from sweet heaven all round me doth shine.
Bright angels attend me where'er I am going,
Sweet Jesus directs me, whatever I'm doing;
A subject of wonder, on which angels ponder,
That beggars are raised to a life so divine.

216 8, 7.

BRIGHT scenes of glory strike my sense,
And all my passions capture;
Eternal beauties round me shine,
Infusing warmest rapture.
I dive in pleasures deep and full—
In swelling waves of glory—
And feel my Savior in my soul,
And groan to tell my story.

2 My captivated spirit flies
Through shining worlds of beauty;
Dissolv'd in blushes, loud I cry,
In praises loud and mighty.
And here I'll sing, and swell the strain
Of harmony, delighted;
And with the millions learn the notes
Of saints in Christ united.

3 The bliss that rolls through those above,
Through those in glory seated—
Which causes them loud songs to sing,
Ten thousand times repeated—
Darts through my soul in radiant flame,
Constraining loudest praises,
O'erwhelming all my powers with joy,
While all within me blazes.

4 When earth and sea shall be no more,
And all their glory perish—
When sun and moon shall cease to shine,
And stars at midnight languish—
My joys refin'd shall higher shine,
With heav'ns radiant glory,
And tell, through one eternal day,
Love's all-immortal story.

217 L. M.

O GOD, my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice;
Then I will shout, then I will sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring;
I'll sing and shout for evermore,
On that eternal, happy shore.

2 O hope of glory, Jesus, come
And make my heart thy constant home;
For the small remnant of my days
I want to sing and shout thy praise.
O give me, Lord, a heart to pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day,
To give thee thanks in ev'rything,
And sing and shout, and shout and sing.

3 When on my dying bed I lay,
Lord, give me strength to shout and pray,
And praise thee with my latest breath,
Until my voice is lost in death.
Then, brethren, sisters, shouting come,
My body follow to the tomb;
And, as you march the solemn road,
Loud sing and shout the praise of God.

4 Then you below, and I above,
We'll shout and praise the God we love,
Until the great, tremendous day,
When Gabriel's trump shall wake our clay.
Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
And shout, O death, where is thy sting?
O Grave, where is thy victory?
We'll shout to all eternity.

5 Our race is run; we've gain'd the prize,
Then shall the Sov'reign of the skies,
With smiles, unto his children say,
Come reign with me in endless day.
Then on that happy, happy shore,
We'll shout and sing our suff'rings o'er;
We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring.

218 7, 8.

THERE is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy for ever roll;
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I hope to rest my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray;
But since my Savior found me
A light has shone along my way.

2 My way is full of danger,
But it's the path that leads to God;
Then, like a valiant soldier,
I'll dauntless keep the happy road.
Now I must gird my sword on,
My breast-plate, helmet, and my shield,
And fight the hosts of Satan
Until I gain the heav'nly field.

3 I'm on my way to Canaan,
Still guarded by my Savior's hand;
O come along, dear sinner,
And see Immanuel's happy land.
To all that stay behind me
I bid a long—a long farewell!
O come, or you'll repent it,
When you do reach the gates of hell.

4 The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before;
O how I stand and tremble
To hear the dismal waters roar!
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there—
From sinking down to darkness,
And to the regions of despair?

5 The waves shall not affright me,
Although they're deeper than the grave;
If Jesus will stand by me,
I'll calmly ride on Jordan's wave.
His word has calm'd the ocean,
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale;
O may this friend be with me
When through the gates of death I sail!

6 Then come, thou king of terror,
And with thy weapons lay me low;
I soon shall reach that region
Where everlasting pleasures flow.
Now, Christians, I must leave you,
A few more days to suffer here;
Through grace I soon shall meet you—
My soul exults—I'm almost there.

7 Soon the archangel's trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll.
Then I shall see my Savior,
With shining ranks of angels, come
To execute his vengeance,
And take his ransom'd people home.

219 L. M.

LIFT up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
Like soldiers, in the good old way.

3 O good old way! how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart!
But may our actions always say,
We're marching in the good old way.

4 Though Satan may his powers employ
Our happiness for to destroy,
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.

5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view, by faith, the promised land,
Then we may sing, and shout, and pray,
And march along the good old way.

6 Ye valiant souls, for heaven contend,
Remember, glory's at the end;
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who've gone before,
And *shout to* think we've gained the day
By marching in the good old way.

220 11s.

HOW sad are the moments when wandering from God,
And thorny and dark is the dangerous road!
But light is the pathway which leads to the tomb,
When cheer'd by the presence of Jesus, my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
When cheer'd by the presence of Jesus, my home.

2 Though fading are joys which earth can bestow,
And false is the light which illumes us below—
Though sorrows, like clouds, hang around us in gloom;
The beams of his love light me on my way home.
Home, home, &c.,
The beams of his love, &c.

3 When the tempest of life has sunk into repose,
And death shall the beauties of heaven disclose,
With all the redeem'd, I o'er it will roam,
And sing hallelujah to Jesus, my home.
Home, home, &c.,
And sing hallelujah, &c.

221 10, 11.

O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found, where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay; he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Savior, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort. Go after him, go.
Lo, onward I move to a city above!
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin,
'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I can not tell why.

5 But this I do find—we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind;
So this is the race I'm running thro' grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care my neighbors may share
These blessings. To seek them, will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why, and death, will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

222 L. M.

O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well *may* this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad!

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine!
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart—
Fix'd on this blissful center, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels' bread to feast?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless, in death, a bond so dear.

223 P. M.

OUR bondage it shall end, by and by,
From Egypt's yoke set free;
Hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan we'll return, by and by.

2 Our deliverer he will come, by and by,
And our sorrows have an end,
With our threescore years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day, by and by.

3 Tho' our enemies are strong, we'll go on,
Tho' our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo Sinai's God is near;
While the fiery pillars move, we'll go on.

4 Tho' Mara has bitter streams, we'll go on;
Tho' Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply,
To a land of corn and wine we'll go on.

5 And when to Jordan's floods we are come,
Jehovah rules the tide,
And the waters he'll divide,
And the ransom'd hosts shall shout, we are come.

6 Then friends shall meet again, who have lov'd;
Our embraces shall be sweet
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, who have loved.

7 Then, with all the happy throng, we'll rejoice,
Shouting glory to our king,
Till the vaults of heaven ring,
And through all eternity we'll rejoice.

224 C. M.

COME on, my brethren in the Lord,
Whose hearts are joined in one;
Lift up your heads, trust in his word,
Your race is almost run.
Above the clouds, behold him stand,
And smiling bid you come,
And angels whisp'ring you away
To yon eternal home.

2 To see a pilgrim as he dies,
With glory in his view;
To heav'n he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu.

While friends are weeping all around,
Are loth to let him go,
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below!

3 O Christians, are you ready now
To cross the swelling flood?
On Canaan's happy shore to stand,
And see your smiling God?
The dazzling charms of that bright world
Attract my soul above!
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
When perfected in love.

4 Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
I'm bound to meet you there!
Although we tread enchanted ground,
Be bold, and never fear.
Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,
The land appears in view;
I hope to gain fair Canaan's shore,
And there to meet with you.

225 8s, 9s.

MY buried friends can I forget?
Or must the grave eternal sever?
They linger in my memory yet,
And in my heart they'll live for ever.
They loved me once, with love sincere,
And never did their love deceive me;
But often in my conflicts here
They rallied to relieve me.

2 I fain would weep—but what of tears?
No tears of mine could e'er recall them;
Nor would I wish that grov'ling cares—
Cares like mine—should e'er befall them.

They rest in realms of light and love;
They dwell upon the mount of glory;
They bask in beams of bliss above,
And shout to tell their happy story.

3 I heard them bid the world adieu;
I saw them on the rolling billow;
Their far-off home appear'd in view,
While yet they pressed a dying pillow.
I heard the parting pilgrim tell,
While passing Jordan's stormy river,
"Adieu to earth, for all is well;
Now all is well with me for ever."

4 O how I long to join their wing,
And range their fields of blooming flowers!
Come, holy watchers, come and bring
A mourner to your blissful bowers.
I'd speed with raptures on my way,
Nor would I pause at Jordan's river;
With songs I'd enter endless day,
And live with my lov'd friends for ever.

226 11s.

I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

To hail him in triumph,

4 Who, who would live al
God?
Away from yon heaven,
Where rivers of pleasure
plains,
And the noontide of glory

5 Where the saints of all ag
Their Savior and bretha
greet,
While the anthems of r
roll,
And the smile of the Lord
soul!

227 11s.

O WHERE can the soul f
foes?
A shelter of safety?—a hom
Can earth's highest summi
vale.

And the soul find a home in the glory of heav'n?
Yes, yes! there's a home;
There's a home in high heaven—the soul has a home.

3 O holy and sweet its rest shall be there!
Free for ever from sin, and from sorrow and care;
And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise,
To welcome the soul to its home in the skies.
Home, home! home of the soul!
The bosom of God is the home of the soul.

228 11s.

AN alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
O Savior, direct me to heaven, my home!

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away—
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given—
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false-glowing charms!
The Savior invites me; I'll go to his arms.
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home!

4 Farewell, vain amusements; my follies, adieu
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view:
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his
throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my
home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
O when shall I share the fruition of home!

5 The days of my exile are passing away;
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my
throne,
And dwell in my presence, for ever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
O there I shall rest with the Savior at home.

6 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
The saints shall unite, to be parted no more;
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with the Savior for ever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
They dwell with the Savior for ever at
home.

229 8s, 4.

HARK! how the Gospel trumpet sounds!
Through all the world the echo bounds!
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God,
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

2 *Hail!* all-victorious conqu'ring Lord!
Be thou by all thy works ador'd,
Who undertook for sinful man,

And brought salvation through thy name,
That we with thee may ever reign
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring souls, fight on,
And, when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear
In endless day.

4 There we shall in full chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine,
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move,
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

230 11s.

MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can not cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which *hinders* my joy and communion with *thee;*

4 While here in the vall
O give me submission a
In all my afflictions to
Rejoicing in hope of m

5 Whate'er thou deniest,
The Spirit's sure witne
face;
Indulge me with pati
throne,
And find, even now,
home.

6 I long, blessed Lord, in t
No more, as an exile, in
And, in thy blest image,
With glorified millions to

231 7, 6.

THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above

There joys are still increasing;
There songs are ever new.
They praise th' Eternal Father,
The Son and Spirit, too.

3 The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the glory
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In God-like majesty?
The elders fall before him,
And the angels bow the knee.

4 Long time I was invited
To gain that heavenly rest;
Grace made no hard condition—
'Twas only to be blest.
But earth's bewitching pleasures
Inclin'd me long to stay,
Pursuing dreams and shadows,
And joys that pass away.

5 But now it is my purpose
The better way to find,
To serve my great Creator,
And leave the world behind.
In sin's seducing mazes
I would no longer roam;
I'd give my soul to Jesus,
Who brings the ransom'd home.

6 And what shall be my journey—
How long I'll stay below,
Or what *shall* be my trials,
Is not for me to know.

Help me, in time of trouble,
To raise my thoughts on high,
To think of the bright temple
And crowns above the sky.

232 8, 10.

FLY away to thy long-sought hon
Fly away to the promis'd shore
Where the Eden fields in glory lie
And the humble shall weep no n
I long have thought on your scenes
And dream'd of your temple of l
I have wept while I mus'd on y
clime,
Borne on with ecstatic delight.

2 Fly away to the living streams of j
Fly away to the gar len of love!
Where the tempter again shall ne'er
Nor mar the bright beauties above
But while I must stay in my prison o
Or roam on this desolate shore,
I must wait for the dawn of the open
When death and the curse are no

3 I must wait for the word of the
Peace,
I must wait for the guardian bands
I must wait till the message brings r
That's sign'd by Emanuel's hand.
Then away from this desert, with joy
My pinion I'll dip in the clear bright
And fly away to my home on high

3 S. M.

) SING to me of heav'n,
When I'm call'd to die!
ing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high.

Vhen cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
burst forth in strains of joyfulness—
Let heaven begin below.

Vhen the last moment comes,
O watch my dying face!
And catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er each feature plays.

'hen to my raptur'd ears
Let one sweet song be given;
et music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

'hen close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

'hen round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

4 10, 6, 8.

WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon
my frame?
Is it death, is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this vital
flame.

2 Weep not, my friends;
for me,
All is well, all is wel
My sins are pardon'd, p
All is well, all is wel
There's not a cloud tha
To hide my Savior fron
I soon shall mount the
All is well, all is well

3 Tune, tune your harps,
in glory;
All is well, all is well
I will rehearse, rehearse
All is well, all is well
Bright angels are from
They're round my bed,
They wait to waft my s
All is well, all is well

5 Hail! hail! all hail! all hail, you blood-
washed throng,
Saved by grace, saved by grace!
I've come to join, to join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace, saved by grace!
All, all is peace and joy divine;
Heaven and glory now are mine!
O hallelujah to the Lamb!
All is well, all is well!

235 L. M.

THERE is a world we have not seen,
That time shall never dare destroy,
Where mortal footstep hath not been
Nor ear has caught its sound of joy.

2 There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing;
Brighter than summer's beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

3 There is a world, and O how blest!
Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel guest
One-half its blessedness unfold.

4 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
And there to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

5 It is not fanned by summer's gale,
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moon-beam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.

6 No, for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance, all its own;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the eternal throne.

236 10, 8, 7.

SHED not a tear o'er your friend's c
bier—
When I am gone—when I am gone.
Smile when the slow-tolling bell you
hear—
When I am gone, I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand round
grave:
Think who has died his beloved to save;
Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall
When I am gone, I am gone.

2 Plant ye a tree which may wave over m
When I am gone—when I am gone;
Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall
When I am gone, I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer's d
Come when the sun sheds his last ling
ray;
Come and rejoice that I thus pass'd away
When I am gone, I am gone.

3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my
When I am gone—when I am gone;
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early de
When I am gone, I am gone.
Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from
care:
Serve ye the Lord, that my bliss ye may s
Look up on high, and believe I am there
When I am gone, I am gone.

237 8, 6.

THERE'S not a bright and beaming smile
Which in this world I see
But turns my heart to future joys,
And whispers heaven to me.
Though often here my soul is sad,
And falls the silent tear,
There is a world of smiles and love,
And sorrow comes not there.

2 I never clasp a friendly hand,
In greeting or farewell,
But thoughts of my eternal home
Within my bosom swell.
There, when we meet with holy joy,
No thoughts of parting come;
But never-ending ages still
Shall find us all at home.

238 8, 7.

TOSS'D upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe.
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
"All, all's well!" thy constant cheer.

2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
Darkly through the storm-cloud's scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head,
Thou *canst calm the* raging ocean,

Thou wilt hear the sailor's c
And though mast and sail be
Life's rough course will soo
Safely moor'd in heaven's wid
Storm and tempest vex no r

239 P. M.

HAVE you heard, have yo
sunbright clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhur
Where age hath no power
frame,
Where the eye is fire, and th
Have you heard of that su

2 A river of water gushes ther
'Mid flowers of beauty strang
And a thousand wings are h
The dazzling wave and the g
That are seen in that sun-l

3 Millions of forms, all clothe

Their ensigns are waving and banners unfurl,
O'er jasper walls and gates of pearl,
That are fixed in that sun-bright clime.

5 But far, far away is that sinless clime,
Undimmed by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where amid all things that's fair is given,
The home of the just, and its name is heaven,
The hame of that sun-bright clime.

240 7, 8, 6.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight?
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

241 C. M.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode:
I'd leave these earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in thy embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in
With wonder and with love.

4 Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
Adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before th' Eternal All.

5 There I would vie with all the host
In duty and in bliss,
While less than nothing I could boast,
And vanity confess.

6 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
While thus I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high.

242 8, 6.

O I have roamed through many lands,
A stranger to delight:
Nor friendship's hopes, nor love's sweet smi
Could make my pathway bright,
Till on the sky a star arose,
And lit night's sable dome.
O steer my bark by that sweet star,
For Eden is my home!

2 O Edén is my place of rest!
I long to reach its shore,

To shake these troubles from my breast,
And weep and sigh no more.
To that fair land my spirit flies,
And angels bid me come!
O steer my bark o'er Jordan's wave,
For Eden is my home!

3 O take me from this world of wo
To thy sweet home above,
Where tears of sorrow never flow,
And all the air is love.
My sister spirits wait for me,
And Jesus bids me come;
O steer my bark to that bright land,
For Eden is my home.

243 P. M.

WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise,
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu!

2 With cheerful hopes her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore—
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream.
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu!

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm and free-bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail.

Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
Glory to God!

244 L. M.

O MAY I worthy prove to see,
When the warfare is over, hallelu
The saints in full prosperity,
When the warfare is over, hallelu
To see the bright, the glitt'ring bride,
When the warfare is over, hallelu
Close seated by her Savior's side,
When the warfare is over, hallelu

CHORUS—*Crying, Amen, fight on!*
'Till the warfare is over, hallelu

2 O may I find some humble seat,
Beneath my dear Redeemer's feet—
A servant, as before I've been—
And sing salvation to my king.
Crying, Am

3 I'm glad that I am born to die,
From grief and wo my soul shall fly;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.
Crying, A

4 I'll praise my Maker while I've bre
I hope to praise him after death;
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.
Crying,

5 *Farewell,* vain world, I'm going h
My Savior smiles, and bids me co

The angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.
Crying, Amen, &c.

6 I soon shall pass the vale of death,
And in his arms I'll loose my breath;
And then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
Crying, Amen, &c.

7 I soon shall hear the awful sound,
Awake, ye nations under ground!
Arise, and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet king Jesus in the clouds!
Crying, Amen, &c.

8 When to that blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
Crying, Amen, &c.

9 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode;
My theme, through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be.
Crying, Amen, &c.

245 8, 7.

DEATH shall not destroy my comfort,
Christ shall guide me through the gloom,
Down he'll send some heavenly convoy
To convey my spirit home.
Jordan's streams shall ne'er o'erflow me
While my Savior's by my side;
Canaan, *Canaan lies* before me,
Soon I'll cross the swelling tide.

2 See the happy spirits waiting
On the banks beyond the stream;
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus is their theme.
See! they whisper; hark! they call me
Sister spirit, come away!
Lo! I come! earth can't contain me!
Hail, ye realms of endless day!

3 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky,
Though by faith I now explore you,
I'll enjoy you soon on high.
Soon I'll gain a full possession,
Faith and hope shall henceforth cease
Lost in love's exhaustless ocean,
Love, that sweetest, brightest grace.

4 Swiftly roll, ye lingering hours,
Seraphs, lend your glittering wings;
Love absorbs my ransomed powers,
Heavenly sound around me rings.
Jesus, clad in dazzling splendor,
Now, methinks, appears in view;
Sinners, could ye see my Jesus,
You would love and serve him too.

246 9, 6, 8.

SOON we shall hear the glorious morn
Saints arise, saints arise.
Sinners, attend the notes of warning;
Saints arise, saints arise.
The resurrection day draws near,
The King of saints shall soon appear,
And high unfurl his banners here.
Saints, arise; saints, arise.

2 Hear ye the trump of God resounding;
Saints arise, saints arise.
Through death's dark vaults its notes rebounding;
Saints arise, saints arise.
To meet the bridegroom, haste, prepare;
Put on your bridal garments fair,
And hail your Savior in the air;
Saints arise, saints arise.

3 The saints who sleep with joy awaken,
All arise, all arise.
Their clay-clod beds are quick forsaken;
All arise, all arise.
Not one of all the faithful few,
Who here on earth the Savior knew,
But starts, with bliss, his Lord to view;
All arise, all arise.

4 Pursue them on their pathway glorious;
All arise, all arise.
Led by their King, o'er death victorious;
All arise, all arise.
On Zion's hill secure they stand,
With palms of victory in their hand;
To that long-sought and peaceful land,
All arise, all arise.

5 Fast by the throne of God, behold them;
Blissful scene, blissful scene!
And in his arms the Savior folds them;
Blissful scene, blissful scene!
With wreaths of glory round their head,
No tears of sorrow now are shed,
To *joy's full* fountain all are led;
All is bliss, all is bliss.

FUTURE STATE.

247 L. M.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world! farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

248 L. M.

PEACEFULLY lay her down to rest,
Place the turf kindly on her breast;
Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod,
While the pure soul is resting with God.

Peacefully sleep,
Sleep till that morn
Peacefully sleep.

2 Close to her lone and narrow house,
Gracefully wave, ye willow boughs;
Flowers of the wildwood, your odors shed
O'er the holy, beautiful dead.
Peacefully sleep, &c.

3 Quietly sleep, beloved one,
Rest from thy toil—thy labor is done;
Rest till the trump from the opening skies
Bids thee from dust to glory arise!
Peacefully sleep, &c.

249 P. M.

SHALL we sing in heaven for ever—
Shall we sing? Shall we sing?
Shall we sing in heaven for ever,
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall sing for ever,
Far beyond the rolling river—
Meet to sing for ever,
In that happy land.

2 Shall we know each other, ever
In that land?
Shall we know each other, ever,
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall know each other,
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

3 Shall we sing with holy angels
In that land?
Shall we sing with holy angels
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Saints and angels sing for ever.
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

4 Shall we rest from care and sorrow
In that land?
Shall we rest from care and sorrow
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
They that meet shall rest for ever.
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

5 Shall we meet our dear lost children
In that land?
Shall we meet our dear lost children
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Children meet and sing for ever.
Far beyond the rolling river, &c.

6 Shall we know our blessed Savior
In that land?
Shall we know our blessed Savior
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
We shall know our blessed Savior.
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there for ever, &c.

250 11s, 9s.

THERE'S a light in the window for the
brother,
There's a light in the window for thee;
A dear one has moved to the mansions abov
There's a light in the window for thee.

A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for th
A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for t

2 There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother,
When from toil and from care you are free;
The Savior has gone to prepare you a home,
With a light in the window for thee.

Chorus.

3 O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.

Chorus.

4 Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free;
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.

Chorus.

251 8s, 7s.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shall know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us!
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us;
He can all our sorrow heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee
When the day of life is fled;

Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

P. M.

252

BEYOND life's raging fever,
Beyond life's troubled dream,
Beyond death's surging river,
Beyond that sullen stream,
The saint shall dwell in glory,
In beauty fading not;
Oh! Pilgrim are you praying?
That this may be your lot.

2 Beyond this land of sighing,
Where countless tears are shed,
Beyond the sick and dying,
Beyond the mouldering dead,
The saint shall dwell, &c.

3 Beyond this scene of trial,
Where heart and flesh do fail;
Beyond the dark'ning shadows,
Beyond the gloomy vale,
The saint shall dwell, &c.

4 Beyond the thought of grieving,
A kind and gracious God;
Beyond the fear of sinning,
Beyond the chast'ning rod;
The saint shall dwell, &c.

5 Beyond Earth's weary burden,
The cross, the scourge, the rod;
The saint shall dwell in glory,
The saint shall dwell with God;
The saint shall dwell, &c.

253 L. M.

MY heavenly home is bright and fair,
No pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

2 While here a stranger, far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

254 P. M.

"FOREVER with the Lord,"
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

Nearer home, nearer home,
A day's march nearer home;
Home above, home above,
Jerusalem above.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,

At times to faith' aspiring eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints,
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above;
Home above, home above, &c.

3 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies;
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my glad'nd heart
Expands the bow of peace;
Bow of peace, bow of peace, &c.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing "as I am known,"
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord."
With the Lord, with the Lord, &c.

8, 7.

255

HAIL, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
Learn with me your certain do
Learn with me your fate to-morro
Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb
See all nature fading, dying,
Silent all things seem to mou
Life from vegetation flying,
Calls to mind the mould'ri

2 Lo! in yonder forest standing,
  Lofty cedars, how they nod!
Scenes of nature, how surprising!
  Read in nature, nature's God.
While the annual frosts are cropping
  Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So our friends are yearly dropping—
  We are like to one of these.

3 Hollow winds about me roaring,
  Noisy waters round me rise,
While I sit my fate deploring,
  Tears fast streaming from mine eyes.
What to me is autumn's treasure,
  Since I know no earthly joy?
Long have I lost all youthful pleasure;
  Time will health and youth destroy.

4 Former friends, how oft I've sought them,
  Just to cheer a troubled mind!
Now they're gone, like leaves of autumn,
  Driven before the dreary wind.
When a few more days are wasted,
  And a few more scenes are o'er,
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
  I shall rise to fall no more.

5 Fast my sun of life's declining,
  Soon 'twill set in endless night,
But my hopes, pure and reviving,
  Rise to fairer worlds of light.
Cease this trembling, mourning, sighing;
  Death shall burst this sullen gloom;
Then my spirit, fluttering, flying,
  Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

256 8, 7, 4.

SEE the eternal Judge descending,
Seated on his Father's throne;
Now, poor sinner, Christ will show thee
That he's with the Father one.
Trumpets call thee;
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the sinner now lamenting,
At the sight of fiercer pain:
Cries and tears he now is venting,
But he weeps and cries in vain—
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.

3 Yonder sits the slighted Savior,
With the marks of dying love;
O that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his spirit move!
Doom'd I'm justly,
For I have against him strove.

4 All his wooing I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul;
If my vows to him I plighted,
Yet for sin I broke them all.
Golden moments,
How neglected did they roll!

5 There I see my godly neighbors,
Who were once despised by me;
Now they're clad in dazzling splendor,
Waiting my sad fate to see.
Farewell, neighbors!
Dismal gulf, I'm bound for thee!

257 P. M.

O THERE will be mourning
At the judgment seat of Christ!
Parents and children there shall part,
Shall part to meet no more.

2 O there will be mourning
At the judgment seat of Christ!
Brothers and sisters there shall part,
Shall part to meet no more.

3 O there will be praising
At the judgment seat of Christ!
Parents and children there shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more.

4 O there will be shouting
At the judgment seat of Christ!
Brothers and sisters there shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more.

258 8, 6.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole.
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through endless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle scene,
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly,
"Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That you must groan and die."

My soul, attend the solemn call:
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above, as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 How great the bliss, how great the wo,
Hangs on this inch of time below—
On this precarious breath!
The Lord of nature only knows
Whether another year shall close,
Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall run his round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there, in silence, rot.
Alas! an hour may close the scene,
And, ere twelve months shall roll between,
My name be quite forgot.

6 But will my soul be thus extinct,
And cease to live, and cease to think?
It can not, can not be.
No; my immortal can not die.
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?

7 Will mercy then her arms extend?
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
And heaven thy dwelling place?
Or shall insulting fiends appear
And drag thee down to dark despair,
Below the reach of grace?

8 A heav'n or hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present life are known;
There is no middle state.
To-day attend the call divine—

To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

9 O do not pass this as a dream!
Vast is the change, whate'er it seem
To poor, unthinking man.
Lord, at thy footstool I would bow;
Bid conscience plainly tell me now,
What it would tell me then.

10 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose the better way
That leads to joys on high.
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live
So as I dare not die.

259 11s.

THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Savior has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the sinless has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansi
forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt linge
long;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright
thy waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was t
seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but 'twere wro
to deplore thee,
When God was thy ranson, thy guardi
thy guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon w
restore thee,
For death hath no sting since the Sav
hath died.

260 8, 8, 8, 4.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

2 The storm that wrecks the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 Now, traveler, in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

4 The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

261 L. M.

AS fades the landscape from the sight,
When evening shades obscure the light,
So fade, alas! the joys of earth,
And wither ere they scarce have birth.

2 As fades the lovely, blooming flow'r,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour,
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasures only bloom to die.

3 As fades our friendship's early joy,
The seeming gold is half alloy;
That tie that binds the human heart,
The closer drawn, will sooner part.

4 Thus fade our sweetest comforts here,
Our dearest friends, they disappear;
When the loud call from God is given,
"They sleep in death, to wake in heaven."

5 But there are joys that never fade,
Where these privations ne'er invade;
Where virtue its reward shall prove,
And "triumph in redeeming love."

262 6s & 8s.

FRIEND after friend departs!
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,

Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown—
A long eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till al. are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

263 P. M.

WHEN the last trumpet shakes the groun
And heaven and earth shall pass away,
Poor sinner, how will you be found?
How can you meet that awful day?
You are passing away
To the great judgment da

2 The Judge in majesty comes down,
With glory beaming in his face,
Wearing a rainbow and a crown—
He comes to judge the human race.
You are, y

3 With trembling you will leave the tomb
(Unless you all your sins forsake),
The Judge will then pronounce your doom,
And plunge you in the fiery lake.
You are, y

tho' his grace you've long withstood,
would not to his scepter bow,
vaits to save you by his blood,
ıd crown you with salvation now.
You are, &c.

ve in him with all your heart,
ıd all your sins shall be forgiven;
when your work is finished here,
our happy souls shall rise to heaven.
You are, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Missionaries.

11, 9.

Y have gone to the land where the patri-
archs rest,
re the bones of the prophets are laid,
the chosen of Israel the promise pos-
sessed,
Jehovah his wonders displayed—
land where the Savior of sinners once
trod,
re he labored, and languished, and bled,
he triumphed o'er death, and ascended
to God,
e captive captivity led.

y have gone—the glad heralds of mercy
have gone—
he land where the martyrs once bled,
the "Beast and False Prophet" have
since trodden down
fair fabric that Zion had laid;

the Churches, once planted, and
ed, and blessed,
th the dews which the Spirit distilled
been smitten, despoiled, and by he
possessed,
nd the places that knew them defiled.

5

10, 11.

HAIL! thou blest morn, when the great Mediator
Down from the mansion of heav'n did descend.
Shepherds, go worship the babe in a manger;
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.
Kindest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid.
Star in the East the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer was laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops were shining,
Low lay his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine,
Gems from the mountains, or pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
All those can never his favor secure.
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 *Low at his feet we, in humble prostration,*
Lose all our sorrow, and trouble, and strife;

here we receive his divine consolation,
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.

6 He is our friend in the midst of temptation,
Faithful supporter, whose love can not fail,
Rock of our refuge, and hope of salvation,
Light to direct us thro' death's gloomy vale.

7 Star of the morning, thy brightness declining,
Shortly must fade when the sun doth arise;
Beaming refulgent his glory eternal,
Shines on the children of love in the skies.

266 7, 6.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!

The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

267 P. M.

SAW ye my Savior? saw ye my S
Saw ye my Savior and God?
O he died on Calvary to atone for you
And to purchase our pardon with bl

2 He was extended, he was extended,
Shamefully nail'd to the cross!
O he bow'd his head and died; thus
was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bl
Three dreadful hours in pain!
O the sun refused to shine, when th
divine
Was derided, insulted and slain.

4 Darkness prevailed, darkness preva
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land!
O the solid rocks were rent through
vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God

5 When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great and embalm'd in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail, mighty Savior! hail, mighty Savior!
Prince and the Author of Peace!
O he burst the bands of death, and triumphant left the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 Now interceding, now interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, Father, I have died! O behold my hands and side!
To redeem them, I pray thee forgive.

8 I will forgive them, I will forgive them,
If they'll repent and believe;
Let them now return through thee, and be reconcil'd to me,
And salvation they all shall receive.

268 11s.

THOU sweet, gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream,
Our Savior, at midnight, when moonlight's pale beam
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.
How damp were the vapors that fell on his head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed!

The angels, astonished, grew sad
And followed their Master wit
light.

2 O Garden of Olives, thou dear h
The fame of thy wonders shall ne
The theme most transporting to s
The triumph of sorrow—the triu
Come, saints, and adore him; (
his feet!
O give him the glory, the praise
Let joyful hosannas unceasingly
And join the full chorus that
skies!

269 8s, 6 & 7.

THIS world is all a fleeting sh
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of w
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true but heav

2 And false the light on glory's pl
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty
Are blossoms gather'd for the to
There's nothing bright but he

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're dri
And fancy's flash, and reason's r
Serve but to light the troubled
There's nothing calm but hea

8s, 6 & 7.

IS world's not "all a fleeting show,
'or man's illusion given;"
ıat hath soothed a widow's wo,
iped an orphan's tear, doth know
ere's something here of heaven.

he that walks life's thorny way,
ith feelings calm and even—
se path is lit from day to day
irtue's bright and steady ray—
th something felt of heaven.

ıat the Christian's course has ran,
ıd all his foes forgiven—
measures out life's little span,
ve to God and love to man—
earth has tasted heaven.

7s.

ATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are;
eler! o'er yon mountain's height,
e that glory-beaming star!
chman! does its beauteous ray
ıght of hope or joy foretell?
eler! yes; it brings the day
omised day of Israel.

chman! tell us of the night,
gher yet that star ascends;
eler! blessedness and light,
ace and truth its course portends.
chman! will its beam alone
ld the spot that gave them birth?
eler! ages are its own;
e, it bursts o'er all the earth!

Traveler! lo! the Prince of
Lo! the Son of God is co

272 8, 7, 4.

LORD, dismiss us with thy
Fill our hearts with joy
Let us each, thy love posse
Triumph in redeeming g
O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wi

2 Thanks we give, and adora
For thy gospel's joyful sc
May the fruits of thy salva
In our hearts and lives a
May thy presence
With us ever more be fo

3 So whene'er the signal's gi
Us from earth to call aw
Borne on angels' wings to
Call'd the summons to o

Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

2 The glory, the glory around him is pour'd!
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord,
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who palm-wreaths of victory wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth!

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

The Missionary's Farewell.

8s, 7, 4.

74

YES, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes, I love them well.
Friends, connections, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no stranger heart can tell!
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!
Can I—can I—say, Farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath-bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me,
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell,
How he died—the blessed Savior—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let thy winds my canvass swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell—farewell!

275 12, 11, 12, 8.

THE Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way;
The news of his grace on the breezes is gliding,
And nations are owning his sway.

2 And now through the darkest of earth's gloomy region,
The wheels of his chariot are rolling sublime;
His banners unfolding his own true religion,
Dispelling the errors of time.

3 Behold a bright angel from heaven descending,
High lifting his trumpet, hosannas to raise;
Hail! Son of the Highest! let every knee bending,
Adore thee with offerings of praise.

4 Thy sword and thy buckler shall save and deliver
The poor and the needy from foes that assail;
Thy bow and thy quiver shall vanquish for ever
The prince and the legions of hell.

5 Ride on, in thy greatness, thou conquering Savior,
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign—
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.

l the compass of thy great
n
nall encircle from pole unto pole
d cemented with friendship
,
e with heart and with soul.

oud shall ascend from each sanctuary
tion,
oice of thanksgiving, the chorus
raise,
eaven shall echo the song of salvation,
rich and melodious praise.

8, 7, 4.

76

O WE trust the day is breaking!
Joyful times are near at hand;
God—the mighty God—is speaking,
By his word in every land.
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foes become more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
Christ, our Savior, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad.
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

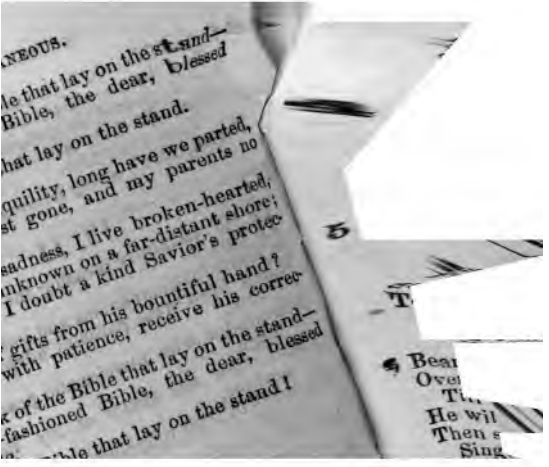
3 O 'tis pleasant—'tis reviving—
To our hearts to hear each day
Joyful news from far arriving!
How the gospel wins its way—
Those enlightening,
Who in death and darkness lay.

God of Jacob, high and glorious,
  Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious
  Through the world—in every land.
    Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

77 12, 11.

HOW painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful companions and innocent joy,
When blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies and peace from on high.
I still view the chairs of my father and mother,
The seats of their offspring, as ranged on each hand,
And the richest of books, which excels every other,
The family Bible that lay on the stand—
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The family Bible that lay on the stand.

The Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morning and evening could yield us delight;
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day, and for safety thro' night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the hearts of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,



NEOUS.

le that lay on the stand—
Bible, the dear, blessed

hat lay on the stand.

quility, long have we parted,
st gone, and my parents no

sadness, I live broken-hearted,
unknown on a far-distant shore;
I doubt a kind Savior's protec-

gifts from his bountiful hand?
with patience, receive his correc-

of the Bible that lay on the stand—
-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed

ble that lay on the stand!

5

T

Bear
Over
Ti
He wil
Then s
Sing

Cease to thrill the quivering string;
Songs seraphic all suspended,
Till the mighty war was ended,
By the all-victorious King.

4 Hell, and all the powers infernal,
Vanquish'd by the King Eternal,
When he pour'd the vital flood;
By his groans, which shook creation,
Lo! we found a proclamation—
Peace and pardon by his blood.

5 Shout, ye saints, with adoration—
Fill with songs the wide creation—
He is risen from the grave;
Shout, with joyful acclamation,
To the Rock of your salvation,
Who alone has power to save.

6 Bear, with patience, tribulation,
Overcoming all temptation,
Till the glorious jubilee.
He will come with bursts of thunder;
Then shall we adore and wonder,
Singing on the highest key.

279 7, 6.

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour.

2 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepar'd for Zion's war.
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above.
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay.
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord is come.

280 7s.

WHEN shall we all meet again
When shall we all meet ag
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow re
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 *Though* in distant lands we sig
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky

Though the deep between us rolls—
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain,
There we all shall meet again.

3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There we all may meet again.

281 8s & 7s.

O THAT I had some humble place,
Where I might hide from sorrow—
Where I might see my Savior's face,
And there be freed from terror!
O had I wings like Noah's dove,
I'd leave this world and Satan,
And fly away to realms above,
Where Jesus stands inviting!

2 My heart is often made to mourn,
Because I'm faint and feeble;
And when my Savior seems to frown
My soul is fill'd with trouble.
But when he doth again return,
And I repent my folly,
'Tis then I after glory run,
And still my Jesus follow.

3 I have my bitter and my sweet,
While through this world I travel;
Sometimes I shout, and often weep,
Which makes my foes to marvel.
But let them think, and think again,

I feel I'm bound for heaven;
I hope I shall with Jesus reign,
I therefore still will praise him.

4 I want to live a Christian here,
I want to die while shouting;
I want to feel my Savior near,
When soul and body's parting.
I want to see bright angels stand,
And waiting to receive me,
To bear my soul to Canaan's land,
Where Christ is gone before me.

282 P. M.

WHILE sorrows encompass me round,
And endless distresses I see,
Astonished, I cry, can a mortal be found
That's surrounded with trouble like me?

2 Few hours of peace I enjoy,
And these are succeeded by pain;
If a moment in praising of God I employ,
I have hours and days to complain.

3 O when shall my sorrows subside?
O when shall my sufferings cease?
O when to the bosom of Christ be convey'd
To the mansions of glory and peace?

4 May I be prepar'd for that day,
When Jesus shall bid me remove,
And, fill'd with his powers, go shouting
To the arms of my heavenly love.

5 The spirit to glory convey'd,
My body laid low in the ground;
I wish not a tear at my grave to be shed
But let all join in praising around

6 No sorrows be vented that day,
When Jesus has called me home;
But, singing and praising, let each brother say,
He is gone from the evil to come.

283 C. M.

HARK! listen to the trumpeters!
They sound for volunteers!
On Zion's bright and flow'ry mount
Behold the officers!
Their horses white, their garments bright,
With crown and bow they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march for Canaan's land.

2 It sets my heart all in a flame!
A soldier I will be;
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.
They want no cowards in their band
(They will their colors fly),
But call for valiant-hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.

3 The armies now are in parade,
How martial they appear!
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform,
They look like men of war.
They follow their great General,
The great Eternal Lamb;
His garments stain'd with his own blood—
King Jesus is his name.

4 The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,
And drive the hosts of hell.
How dreadful is our God in arms!
The great Immanuel!
Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,

Th' eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

5 There is a green and flow'ry field,
Where fruits immortal grow;
There, cloth'd in white, the angels bright
Our great Redeemer know,
We'll shout and sing for evermore
In that eternal world;
But Satan, and his armies, too,
Shall down to hell be hurl'd.

6 Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
'Twill shake both earth and sky.
In fiery chariots then we'll fly
And leave the world on fire,
And meet around the starry throne
To tune th' immortal lyre.

P. M.

284

THO' sinners would vex me,
And troubles perplex me,
Against inclination, ah! what shall
No longer a rover,
My follies are over,
For one thing is needful, and that I'

2 Vain pleasure's deceitful,
Sin to me is hateful,
But more lasting pleasure I hope
This world is a bubble—
A life full of trouble—
My thoughts now fly upwards,
behind.

3 The bells are a tolling,
  The wheels are a rolling,
Some gallant, gay fair ones go to their long
    home;
  If dead out of Jesus,
  The Lord will not save us,
And to live in glory we never can come.

4 O pray for conversion,
  Shun foolish diversion,
Use much self-denial, and take up your cross;
  Do this for a season,
  And use your own reason,
And time will soon prove you'll not be at a loss.

5 If time is a treasure,
  There's none for vain pleasure.
Look up to the Giver with faith's steadfast eye.
  Believe on that Jesus
  Who died to save us,
For time flies apace, and eternity's nigh.

6 My soul starts with wonder
  To think how the thunder
Will shake all creation at the angel's call;
  When time is no longer,
  The aged and younger,
Shall hear the dread sentence, for Christ's all
    in all.

7 Behold how divided,
  The judgment decided,
Poor sinners bewailing their folly in hell;
  But, glory to Jesus,
  Believing he'll save us,
With angels in glory his praises we'll swell.

. M.

ior of mankind
nameful tree!
that him inclin'd
ie for me!
nb, the loving Lamb,
mb on Calvary!
ib that was slain,
ves again to intercede for me!

groans! while nature shakes,
strong pillars bend!
vale in sunder breaks,
narbles rend.

he precious ransom's paid!
my soul!" he cries.
he bows his sacred head!
his head and dies!

he'll break death's envious chain,
full glory shine.
of God! was ever pain—
ever love—like thine?

7, 6.

night, as I lay musing,
he Spirit said to me,
blow the gospel trumpet,
o sound the jubilee;
tell them I am risen,
nd death they need not far;
turn'd the awful summons
o a sweet messenger.

2 "The harvest fields are ripening,
The laborers are few;
And Zion she doth languish,
O watchman! where are you?
Their blood will cry against you,
If idle you should be.
You see the sword is coming,
Then sound the jubilee.

3 "Come, O my Father's children!
Redeem'd for liberty!
Why stand you here so idle,
And wasting all the day?
Remember, some are teaching,
While others preach the word;
Go, labor in the vineyard,
I'll give a sure reward."

4 How beauteous are the garments
The bride of Christ doth wear!
He adorns her with his presence,
And clothes her with his care;
He decks her with rich jewels,
And crowns her with his love,
And, by his mighty power,
He'll bear her safe above.

287 L. M.

I'VE 'listed in the holy war,
Content to suffer soldier's fare.
The banner over me is love;
I draw my rations from above.

2 I've fought through many a battle sore,
And I must fight through many more;
I'll take my breastplate, sword and shield,
And boldly march into the field.

..., Christian heroes, go
Come, face the foe, and ne
The heavenly battle is beg
Come, take the field and w

5 With 'listing orders I am c
Come rich, come poor, com
Here's bounteous mercy Ch
And glorious crowns laid u

6 Our General he is gone bef
And you may draw on grac
But if you will not 'list and
You'll sink into eternal nig

88 8, 7.

COME, poor sinners, Christ
To partake his offer'd gr
Let his gospel now constrain
Leave your sins, and seek
While the gospel trumpet's
Every land and nation he
All that sin the tyrant's

3 Arise, arise, and come to judgment,
All ye nations under ground;
Sinners, you must hear the trumpet,
And from all your graves rebound.
All the world, both dead and living,
All must come to hear their doom—
Some a howling, some a shouting,
As they do to judgment come.

4 Hear the sentence, Go, ye cursed,
Away to yonder burning lake;
When I called, you refused,
You would not my counsel take!
Wives and husbands then be parted,
Some to heaven and some to hell!
Parents, children, servants, masters,
Then must take their last farewell.

5 But come, ye saints of every nation,
Joyfully the cross you bore;
You have come thro' tribulation,
All your sufferings now are o'er.
Come and bathe in seas of pleasure,
Crowns of glory I will give;
You did here lay up your treasure,
While a pilgrim you did live.

289 C. M.

ARISE and shine, O Zion fair!
Behold thy light is come!
Thy glorious conqu'ring King is near,
To take his exiles home.
The trumpet's sounding through the sky,
To set poor captives free;
The day of wonder now is nigh,
The year of jubilee.

2 Ye heralds, blow your trumpets loud,
The earth must know her doom;
Go, spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold the Judge is come!
Blow out the sun, burn up the earth!
Consume the rolling flood!
While every star shall disappear,
Go turn the moon to blood!

3 The glorious news of gospel grace
To sinners now is o'er;
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be heard no more.
The watchmen all have left their walls,
And, with their flocks above,
On Canaan's peaceful shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love!

290 11s.

YE sons of the main, ye that sail o'er
flood,
Whose sins, big as mountains, have rea
up to God,
Remember thy short voyage of life soon
end,
Then come, brother sailor, make Jesus
friend.

2 Look astern on your life, see your
mark'd with sin;
Look ahead—see what torments you'll
founder in!
The hard rocks of death will soon beat
your keel,
Then your vessel and cargo will all sin
hell.

Lay by your old compass, 'twill do you no good,
It ne'er will direct you the right way to God;
Mind your helm, brother sailor, and don't fall asleep,
Watch and pray, night and day, lest you sink in the deep.

4 Spring your luff, brother sailor, the breeze now is fair;
Trim your sails to the wind, and those torments you'll clear;
Thy leading star, Jesus, keep full in your view,
You'll weather the danger, he'll guide you safe through.

5 Renounce your old captain, the devil, straightway,
The crew that you sail with will lead you astray.
Desert their black colors, come under the red,
Where Jesus is captain, to conquest be led.

6 His standard's unfurl'd, see it wave through the air,
And volunteers coming from far off and near
Now's the time, brother sailor, no longer delay,
Embark now with Jesus, good wages he'll pay.

7 The bounty he'll give, when the voyage begins,
Is justification and freedom from sin;
Good usage he'll give while you sail on the way,
And shortly you'll anchor in heaven's broad bay.

8 In the harbor of glory for ever you'll ride,
Free from quicksands, and dangers, and sin's rapid tide;
Waves of death cease to roll, and tempests are o'er;
The hoarse breath of Boreas dismast thee no more.

9 The tarpaulin jacket no longer you'll wear,
But robes of bright glory all shining and fair—
A crown on your head, that would dazzle the sun,
And from glory to glory eternally run.

291 11, 10, 8.

REJOICE, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom,
And Zion's children then shall sing,
The deserts are all blossoming.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.
The gospel banner, wide unfurl'd,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world,
And every creature, bond and free,
Shall hail the glorious jubilee.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.

2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
From Zion shall the law go forth,
Rejoice, rejoice, &c.
And truth shall sit on every hill,
And blessings flow in every rill,

And praise shall ev'ry heart employ,
And every voice shall shout for joy,
Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the "Prince of Peace" shall reign,
And lambs may with the leopard play,
For naught shall harm in Zion's way.
Rejoice, rejoice, &c.
The sword and spear, of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree and plow the earth,
For peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations shall learn war no more.
Rejoice, rejoice, &c.

292 12, 11.

YE lovers of pleasure, that slight this salvation,
As tormented Dives for his brethren did pray,
Attend for a moment to my lamentation,
Attend and take warning, and turn while you may;
While Christ stands without, and his arms are extending,
Arise from your slumbers, your danger to see.
While perfumes from his garments around are descending,
Arise, lest too late you repent it, like me.

2 I long made excuses of cares and vain pleasures,
Too young or too old, too rich or too poor;

So fond of my dreaming, I ne'er could find leisure
To arise from my slumbers and open the door.
And when I awoke and arose to receive him,
I found that my Savior had fled and was gone;
Then to think of his patience, and how I had griev'd him,
All my days of affliction his absence I'll mourn.

3 Now Sinai's dread trumpet sounds louder and louder,
The lightnings they flash, and its thunders they roll;
No Moses stands forward to plead in my favor,
And to Christ I'm asham'd to look up any more;
But if in his mercy at last he receive me,
Like Mary, I'll weep out my life at his feet;
Neither hardships nor poverty ever shall grieve me,
But I'll die with my Jesus, and death shall be sweet.

4 With my face to the ground, still my heart pleads for mercy,
As long as I live for his mercy I'll pray;
I know I deserve that he never should hear me,
For when he did call, I so long did delay.
Come, sinners, attend, and seek this salvation,
For, if ever his pardoning mercy I prove,
My tongue shall be praising, his goodness relating,
Till I meet you in glory with angels above.

'93 11, 8.

YE objects of sense, and enjoyments of time,
Which so oft have delighted my heart,
I soon shall exchange you for views more sublime,
For joys that shall never depart.

Thou lord of the day, and thou queen of the night,
To me you no longer are known;
soon shall behold, with increasing delight,
A sun that shall never go down.

Ye wonderful orbs that astonish mine eyes,
Your glories recede from my sight;
soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies,
And stars more transcendantly bright.

Ye mountains and valleys, groves, rivers and plains,
Thou earth and thou ocean, adieu;
fore permanent regions, where righteousness reigns,
Present their bright hills to my view.

My weeping relations, my kindred and friends,
Whose souls are entwined with my own,
Adieu for the present, my spirit ascends,
Where friendships immortal are known.

My cares and my labors, my sickness and pains,
And sorrows are all at an end;
The summit of bliss I shall speedily gain,
The height of perfection ascend.

7 My Sabbaths below, which have been
delight,
And thou, the blest volume divine,
You have guided my footsteps like stars dur
night;
Adieu, my conductors benign.

8 The sun that illumines the regions of lig
Now shines on mine eyes from above;
But oh! how transcendantly glorious the sig
My soul is all wonder and love.

9 Thou tottering seat of disease, and of pai
Adieu! my dissolving abode;
But I shall behold and possess thee again,
A beautiful building of God.

10 O death! thy cold hand shall my eyelids s
close,
And lay my pale corpse in the tomb;
My soul shall enjoy an eternal repose,
Above in my heavenly home.

11 But oh! what a rest, what a life, what a
Shall I know when I'm mounted above!
Praise, praise shall my powers triumphant
ploy;
My God, I shall dwell in thy love.

12 Come now, my Redeemer, this moment
lease
The soul thou hast bought with thy bloo
And let me ascend the pure regions of peace
To feast on the smiles of my God.

294 11s.

AFAR from thy home, wand'rer, why
thou stay,

Forgetting the dangers that brood o'er the way?
O speed thee in haste from a dark ocean grave,
And bid an adieu to the deep rolling wave.

Home, home! sweet, sweet, home!
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home!

2 In the love of the Savior, thy haven of rest,
There is gladness and hope for the grief-riven breast.
O why from that shelter alone shouldst thou roam?
Thy sorrowing spirit needs comfort at home.

Home, home, &c.

3 Come, loosen thy anchor, and spread wide thy sail,
Like the wind-flower wooing the soft-swelling gale.
In the home of thy spirit a refuge is near,
To assuage every sorrow, sad child of despair.

Home, home, &c.

295 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 4.

WHEN pillowed on my downy couch,
I woo my evening rest,
Thou, Savior, with reviving touch,
Canst heal my wounded breast.
My pilot o'er life's troubled sea,
I raise my evening song to thee,
O lend thine ear.

2 *There's nought* can calm my restless soul,
If thou depart from me;

billows rage without control,
hen I am far from thee.
tranquil is my evening rest,
en Jesus bears me on his breast,
here may I be.

e pity of thy gentle heart
I never asked in vain:
hen O remove this piercing dart,
And soothe my bosom's pain!
hen let the mighty billows play;
'll sing my every care away,
Nor heed the storm!

96 12, 8, 12.

THE chariot of mercy is speeding its way,
Far, far through the shadowy gloom,
Where the lands that in death's dark obscurity lay,
Are bursting the bars of the tomb.
I see where 'tis shedding its luminous ray,
Dispersing the shadows of night;
And the wondering nations are hailing the day,
And rejoice in its glorious light.

2 Hallelujahs are sounding melodiously clear,
Borne sweet from the isles of the sea.
And the lands of the east send the echo afar,
And the long-fettered Pagan is free;
And the Indian, that roams through the green prairied West,
Now raises his tear-moistened eye,
As he welcomes with joy the glad tidings of rest
In a home far away in the sky.

3 *And the* dark-visaged son of the African wil
Has tasted Immanuel's love,

nd his lion-like nature grows tenderly mild,
As he hears the sweet news from above.
chariot of mercy, roll gloriously on,
And fly over mountain and sea,
ill the last gloomy shadow of darkness is gone,
And the last fettered spirit is free!

97 8, 4.

LIKE a dream when one awaketh,
Vanished away,
Earthly joy the heart forsaketh,
Doomed to decay;
But when flesh and spirit faileth,
Heaven grows more dear;
And when grief the heart assaileth,
O shed no tear!

Dearest hopes and joys may perish,
Lost in an hour;
All the love the heart doth cherish
May lose its power,
When the storm is gathering o'er thee,
More pure and fair.

'Mid thy gloom and desolation,
Whene'er they come,
For thy peace and consolation,
Think of thy home.
There thy joys shall last for ever,
Changeless and bright;
Clouds shall dim, O never, never,
That world of light.

98 6, 3.

THROUGH all the world below,
God is seen all around;

Search the hills and valleys through,
There he's found.
The growing of the corn,
The lily and the thorn,
The pleasant and forlorn,
All declare God is there;
In the meadows dressed in green,
There he's seen.

2 See springs of water rise,
Fountains flow, rivers run;
The mist below the skies
Hides the sun,
Then down the rain doth pour,
The ocean it doth roar,
And dash against the shore,
All to praise in their lays,
That God that ne'er declines
His designs.

3 The sun, to my surprise,
Speaks of God as he flies;
The comets, in their blaze,
Give him praise.
The shining of the stars,
The moon, as it appears,
His sacred name declares,
See them shine, all divine!
The shades in silence prove
God's above.

4 Then let my station be
Here on earth, as I see
The sacred One in Three
All agree;
Through all the world is made,
The forest and the glade.
Nor let me be afraid,

Though I dwell on the hill,
God is there.

299 10, 11, 11.

WHILE beauty and youth are in their full prime,
And folly and fashion affect our whole time,
O let not the phantom our wishes engage;
Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age.

2 The vain and the young may attend us awhile,
But let not their flatt'ry our prudence beguile;
Let us covet those charms that ne'er shall decay,
Nor listen to all that deceivers may say.

3 I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health;
Then, richer than kings, and far happier than they,
My days shall pass swiftly and sweetly away.

4 For when age steals on me, and youth is no more,
And the moralist, Time, shakes his glass at my door,
What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find?
My beauty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.

5 That peace—I'll preserve it as pure as 'twas given—
Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heaven;
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,
And *sixty can* flourish as gay as sixteen.

den of life shall ha

ickle, shall cut the ripe

without murmur or sigh,
nmons, and lie down and

0, 7.

ms a region of rest,
-far away?
each pure, sainted breast,
ay—far away?
ere the righteous shall reign,
he weary no more shall com-

anguish, from grief, and from

away—far away?

a heaven where all is serene,
way—far away;
re lovely than eye yet hath seen,
r away—far away;
knows not the shadows of night,
ons of glory and endless delight,
parted by death shall for ever unite,
far away—far away.

l the ransomed eternally be,
far away—far away;
w and sighing for ever shall flee
r, far away—far away;
me be one of that thrice happy band,
are without shame and confusion shall
id,
sk in the bliss of that heavenly land,
Far, far away—far away.

01 7s.

HAPPY are our days below,
  Blest with competence and ease;
Richly doth the Lord bestow
  Health, and friends, and inward peace.
He the fount of blessing is,
  His the sweet y passing hours;
Light, and heat, and air are his,
  His the dew and fruitful showers.

In his lofty praise we join,
  Join to bless his sovereign love;
Heart, and hand, and voice combine.
  Thus they praise the Lord above—
One united family—
  Jointly do they bless his name;
Fainter though our voices be,
  Lo! the anthem is the same.

When thy children gathering come
  From their wandering exile here,
Give us all a happy home
  In thine own immortal sphere.
Young, and old, and great, and small,
  Let us with thy jewels shine!
Gracious Father! give us all
  Rest at last with thee and thine.

02 8s.

TO Jordan's banks our hosts are coming,
  And shout to view their long-sought home.

And we're passing safely over
To the other side of Jordan;
And we're passing safely over
To the land of endless rest.

en thousand snares already,
We see the promised land at last.
Chor

From Pharoah's nellish hosts set free,
We safely cross'd the deep Red Sea.
Chor

4 O'er deserts waste and wild we stray'd,
Of our own selves and foes afraid.
Chor

5 But Jesus sent us bread from heav'n,
And water from the rock was giv'n.
Chor

6 At length, our journey nearly o'er,
With bounding hearts we hail the shore.
Chor

7 Behold those hills where pleasures grow-
Those vales where "milk and honey flow
Chor

8 There, in that beauteous, wealthy land,
Bright streams "roll down their golden sa
Chor

9 There trees of life, for ever green,
Along the river banks are seen.
Chor

10 There "never-withering flowers" appear,
And spring and autumn rule the year.
Chor

11 Those lofty hills, I look on them,
For there is New Jerusalem;
Chor

ts burnish'd towers the sun outshine,
ı mansion there I claim as mine.

Chorus.

ts pearly gates, its golden streets,
Iy longing heart with rapture greets.

Chorus.

'he God of glory there displays
'he beamings of his smiling face.

Chorus.

) Zion! I have longed to be
ı happy citizen of thee.

Chorus.

To more to war, no more to roam,
ut dwell in peace and joy at home.

Chorus.

8, 6.

[OW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought—
From worldly hope and fear!
onfined to neither court nor cell,
is soul disdains on earth to dwell;
He only sojourns here.

is happiness in part is mine,
lready saved from low design,
From every creature love!
ess'd with the scorn of finite good,
y soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

he things eternal I pursue;
happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant

For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise.
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight—
A city in the skies.

5 There is my home and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home.
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

6 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies;
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Savior, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

304 P. M.

IT is over the rolling Jordan,
On the fair banks of Canaan
Where the tree of life is blooming,
O there's rest at hon

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
O there's rest at home.

2 By streams of living water,
Where the golden streets are shining,

And the angel choirs are singing,
O there's rest at home.

3 There crowns are unfading,
We will gain them if faithful;
On the green plains of Eden,
O there's rest at home.

4 There our trials will be over,
When we all get to heaven;
There we'll sing hallelujah,
O there's rest at home.

5 We have friends gone before us,
They are there singing glory;
We are on our way to join them,
O there's rest at home.

6 Let us all go to Jesus,
And cast our crown before him,
And cry he is worthy—
O there's rest at home.

7 When the warfare is ended,
In this vale of sin and sorrow,
For the weary-worn pilgrim,
O there's rest at home.

305 C. M.

WE'RE marching to the promised land,
A land all fair and bright:
Come, join our happy pilgrim band,
And seek the plains of light.

O come and join our pilgrim band,
Our toils and triumphs share!
We soon shall reach the promis'd land,
And rest for ever there.

2 The Savior feeds his little flock;
His grace is richly given;
The living water from the rock,
And daily bread from heaven,
Ch

3 To Canaan's bounds he points the way,
And guides our feet aright;
A cloudy pillar leads by day,
A fiery one by night.
Ch

4 "Come with us; we will do thee good."
Here is our heart and hand,
To meet you over Jordan's flood,
And share the promised land.
Ch

5 There in that land no tears are shed,
No sigh escapes the heart;
To joy's full fountain all are led,
And there they never part.
Ch

306 11, 7, 4.

COME, tell of your vessel, and what i
name?
O happy Christian sailors!
Say, who is your captain, and what
fame?
O happy Christian sailors!
She's the "Old ship of Zion,"
Hallelujah!
And her captain's Judah's Lion,
Hallelujah!

2 Say, who are on board, and from whence do they come?
O tell me, happy sailors!
And why do you bear them away from their home?
O tell me, happy sailors!
They are chosen, called and holy,
Hallelujah!
And have left the land of folly,
Hallelujah!

3 Say, is her keel sound, and her larder well stored?
O tell me, happy sailors!
And will you receive other comrades on board?
O tell me, happy sailors!
Come on board the vessel, stranger,
Hallelujah!
For we dread no want nor danger,
Hallelujah!

4 But let me first know, ere on board I am found,
O happy Christian sailors!
The name of the port where your vessel is bound,
O happy Christian sailors!
We seek the port of heaven,
Hallelujah!
Bright crowns shall there be given,
Hallelujah!

5 But will you not fear when the ocean waves roar,
O tell me, happy sailors!
That you will be lost and will never gain shore?
O tell me, happy sailors!
Our Captain rules the ocean,
Hallelujah!

n still the waves' commotion,
Hallelujah!

hen you leave port, and are sailing the sea,
tell me, happy sailors!
t then on the ship your employment shall be?
O tell me, happy sailors!
e will sing the songs of Zion,
Hallelujah!
nd we'll keep our colors flying,
Hallelujah!

t may you not fear, as you ride o'er the main,
O tell me, happy sailors!
ome foe may engage you and all may be slain?
O tell me, happy sailors!
We will fear no cannon's rattle,
Hallelujah!
For our ship ne'er lost a battle,
Hallelujah!

And what will you do when you gain heaven's shore—
O tell me, happy sailors!
Your voyage at an end, and your perils all o'er!
O tell me happy sailors!
We'll repeat the pleasing story,
Hallelujah!
And we'll sing and shout in glory,
Hallelujah!

307 **4, 7, 6.**

RISE, sinner, rise!
The Master calleth for thee;

Rise, sinner, rise!
The voice of love obey.
Come, though thou art unworthy,
On his breast thy burden lay;
And be his own to-day,
Be his own—his own to-day.

2 Rise, sinner, rise!
Why dost thou halt and tarry?
Rise, sinner, rise!
And share his promis'd rest.
Come, all ye sick and weary,
Lay your sorrows on his breast,
And be for ever blest—
Be for ever, ever blest.

3 Come, sinner, come!
The day of grace is waning;
Come, sinner come,
His grace and mercy prove.
Those sins thy conscience staining,
With his blood he will remove,
And fill thee with his love—
Fill thee, fill thee, with his love.

4 Come, sinner, come,
There's danger in delaying;
Come, sinner, come!
Nor lose eternal bliss.
Come to his footstool praying,
"Give me, Savior, give me peace;
From all my sins release—
All my sins, from all release."

5 Pray, sinner, pray!
Thy sighs are heard in heaven;
Pray, sinner, pray!
The Savior pleads for thee.

Thy sins shall be forgiven;
From them all thou shalt be free,
And great thy joy shall be—
Great thy joy, thy joy shall be.

6 Pray, sinner, pray!
With fervor, never ceasing;
Pray, sinner, pray!
Till Christ his mercy give.
Now claim in faith the blessing,
Jesus bids thee grace receive,
And to his glory live—
To his glory ever live.

FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

308 8, 7, 4.

ONCE was heard the song of children
By the Savior, when on earth,
Joyful, in the sacred temple,
Shouts of youthful praise had birth,
And hosannas
Loud to David's Son broke forth.

2 Palms of vict'ry strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet;
Prophets of the Lord, they crowned him,
In fair Salem's crowded streets,
While hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

3 Blessed Savior, now triumphant,
Glorified and throned on high,
Mortal lays, from man or infant,
Vain to tell thy praise essay;
But hosannas
Swell the chorus of the sky.

4 God o'er all, in heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing;
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring—
Glad hosannas
To our prophet, Priest and King!

309 6, 5.

LIST to that pleasant sound!
Lo! the Savior's voice
Calls you; now be ready found;
Make a happy choice.
Jesus says, in accents mild,
Come to me, my little child;
Give your heart to Christ, your Friend;
On him now depend.
List ye to that, &c.

2 Can we Heaven's gift decline?
No! we'll choose the good,
And the cause of sin resign,
For our Savior, God.
Then we shall with grace appear,
Then we shall be happy here,
Looking for the blest reward
Promised in his word.
Can we Heaven's gift, &c.

3 Let the little children come,
To their Savior fly,
And they shall enjoy his home
In the starry sky.
Hopes and friends, and pleasures fair,
Love, and bliss, and Christ are there—
Golden streets, and fruits, and trees—
Can we part with these?
Let the little, &c.

CHORUS—*O that*
Joyful,
O that
When we

2 All who love the Lord b
When they die to heave
And sing with saints a

3 Little children will be th
Who have sought the Lo
From every Sunday-sch

4 Teachers, too, shall meet
And our pastors, whom w
Shall meet to part no m

5 O how happy we shall be!
For our Savior we shall se
Exalted on his throne

311 11s.

HOW sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest!
The day of the week which I surely love best;
The morning my Savior arose from the tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.

2 O let me be thoughtful and praverful to-day,
And not spend a minute in trifling or play—
Remembering these seasons were graciously given
To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.

3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
Where I worship to-day, may it all be sincere!
In the school where I learn, may I do it with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there

4 Instruct me, my Savior—a child though I be,
I am not too young to be noticed by thee.
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,
I would love thee and serve thee, and give thee the praise.

312 7, 6.

CHILDREN, listen to the strains,
Bursting through the heavenly plains;
Hear ye not the chorus sweet
Which the happy ones repeat:

Unto him that bled and died,
ndless praises be ascribed?"
Glory, glory, glory!

sts of children praise the Lamb;
ould you know from whence they came?
hey were once like you below,
ut were saved from sin and wo!
O how happy now they feel,
As before the throne they kneel!
Joys they have unspeakable!
Glory, glory, glory!

Some are there from India's strand;
Some from our own favored land;
Some from Afric's burning plains;
Some from Greenland's cold domains;
But their song of praise is one,
Round our heavenly Father's throne—
No distinction there is known.
Glory, glory, glory!

4 Some are there whom you have known,
Decked with an immortal crown;
Palms of victory in their hand,
Round the throne of God they stand.
Hark! what anthems sweet they raise!
Loud they chant their heavenly lays!
Hear ye not their songs of praise?
Glory, glory, glo

5 Children, would you share their bliss?
Would you feel their happiness?
You must here the Savior know,
If you would to glory go.
Hark! he says, in accents kind,
Ever keep the truth in mind,
"They that early seek shall find!
Glory, glory,

313 9, 7, 8.

SING, Christian, sing; soon your labor's done,
Soon you'll hear your welcome home;
That happy hour will soon be here,
When Christ, our Savior, will appear.

Chorus.

Then haste, let us work till the daylight is o'er,
Our hearts fill'd with love, as we row to the shore,
Our earthly labor being done,
How sweet the Christian's welcome home!
Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome home!

2 Urge on the way, put your trust in God,
Spread his glory all abroad;
Soon you shall hear his voice, "'Tis done!
Children, Father calls you home."
Then haste, &c.

3 Shout, brethren, shout, as you onward move
To your home prepar'd above!
Soon 'twill appear, and O how bright
Prayer to praise, and faith to sight.
Then haste, &c.

4 The prospect brightens while we sing,
Glory to our Heavenly King!
All hail! our blessed home above,
Glory to the God of love.
Then haste, &c.

314 8, 7.

WHILE the Sabbath light is beaming,
And the earth is brightly gleaming,
Let us seek the Savior's face—
Humbly ask him for his grace.

2 Leave us now, each earthly feeling;
May devotion, o'er us stealing,
Take each sinful thought away;
Let us serve our God to-day.

3 Soon the Sabbath will be fading,
Night will come, its glories shading;
Sabbath duties all be o'er—
We can hear and learn no more.

4 O when wearied life is failing,
May we, heaven's glories hailing,
Rise to dwell where angels be,
God our Savior's face to see.

315 7, 6, 4.

RISE, rise, free from thy mourning,
Light, light, spreads from the sky;
See, see, bright the day dawning,
Jesus is risen on high.
Rise, rise, rise, rise,
Jesus is risen on high.

2 Come, come, sing to the Savior,
Love, love, beams from his eye;
Haste, haste, share in his favor,
Worship the Savior on high.
Come, come, come, come,
Worship the Savior on high.

3 Praise, praise, yield him with gladness,
Earth, earth, banish thy gloom.
Where, death, where is thy sadness?
Jesus returns from the tomb.
Praise, praise, praise, praise,
Jesus returns from the tomb.

4 Hail, hail, children adore thee,
Here, here, anthems we give;
There, there, dwelling in glory,
Love in thy life we'll receive.
Hail, hail, hail, hail,
Love in thy life we'll receive.

316 10, 9, 6, 5.

THE Sabbath is come! the Sabbath is come!
The Sabbath so peacefully flowing,
While silence is throwing
Its vail o'er the earth.
On man now is stealing
Each reverent feeling,
Of heavenly birth. (*Repeat.*)

2 The Sabbath is come!
No sound on its stillness is breaking;
But warbled songs waking
Along the green vale,
And hark! how the praises,
All nature now raises,
Float by on the gale.

3 The Sabbath is come!
The church bell for worship is ringing,
Delightfully bringing
The thoughts to repose.

O WELCOME, welc
That marks our ye
Kind friends and teach
Our hearts rejoice to se

2 To you, dear friends, w
Within our reach good
We offer thanks; and
That God would bless y

3 Our teachers dear, by w
We're pointed to the spi
If there one note to mor
We'll thank you in thos

4 The Sabbath bell we lov
That calls us to the hous
Our pastor there we lo

318 6, 4.

WELCOME, sweet Sabbath day!
Welcome again;
Join, join the cheerful lay
To Christ's blest name!
Send us a blessing, Lord,
Cheer us, we pray;
Bless thy word, bless thy word,
On this bright day.

2 While in this vale of tears,
Shine in our path;
Save, save us from our fears,
Strengthen our faith.
Thus, while in life we stay,
Crown us with peace;
Then away, then away,
Where pains shall cease!

3 Welcome, sweet day of rest!
To wand'rers given;
Joy to the troubled breast,
Like that in heaven.
Dear is the sacred day,
Dear thine, O Lord;
O away! O away!
To hear thy word.

319 L. M.

A YOUTHFUL company we meet,
Our songs of praises to repeat,
And pay our homage at the feet
Of Jesus Christ, the Christian's friend.

2 He *bids us come*, and lo! we stand—
As volunteers—a youthful band.

We come, we come, at his command,
To be his faithful followers.

3 "Give me thy heart," we hear him say,
Lord, we thy mandate will obey;
We come to tread the narrow way—
A youthful army for the Lord.

4 We wait not till time's chilling flight
Hath quenched our youthful spirit's might,
No, no! we come, and now unite
To join the soldiery of heaven.

5 Here, here, may many an army rise,
Well skill'd in warfare for the skies,
And come with us to take the prize
Of life eternal in the heavens!

320 8, 6.

THERE is a voice on every breeze,
A language all around;
We hear it in the stirring trees,
And from the verdant ground.
That still, small voice is everywhere,
Like music from above,
Earth, air and sea, the voice is there,
It whispers, "God is love."

2 With worship in its perfumed heart,
The blossom lifts its eye;
The insects trump their humble part,
The brook is singing by.
With plumed wing the little bird
Sings in the sheltering grove,
And with them all the voice is heard,
It says, "Our God is love."

3 O may that voice in childhood's days,
Within our hearts be found!
O may we join that song of praise,
Breathed forth from all around!
And thus on earth begin the song,
Now heard in heaven above,
Where ever bow the white-robed throng
Who sing, our "God is love."

321 7, 6.

TO thee, O blessed Savior,
Our grateful songs we raise;
O tune our hearts and voices,
Thy holy name to praise.
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy,
We're here allowed to meet,
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good;
And may the Holy Scriptures
By us be understood.
O may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King,
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

3 And may the precious gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations, now in darkness,
Arise to light divine.

322 8, 7, 4.

HEAR, O hear, the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain!
'Tis the Lord of life and glory;
Shall he plead with you in vain?
O receive him! O receive him!
Free salvation now obtain.

2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy,
They alone are his delight.
Seek his favor,
Now your hearts to him unite.

3 All your sins to him confessing,
Who is ready to forgive,
Seek, O seek, the Savior's blessing!
On his precious name believe!
He is waiting,
Will you not his grace receive?

323 5, 7, 8.

O COME, let us sing,
Our youthful hearts now swelling,
To God above, a God of love,
O come, let us sing!
Our joyful spirits, glad and free,
With high emotions rise to thee,
In heavenly melody—
O come, let us sing.

2 We'll chant, chant his praise,
Our lofty strains now blending;
A tribute bring to Christ, our King,
And chant, chant his praise.

Our Savior Prince was crucified;
"'Tis finished," then he meekly cried,
And bow'd his head, and died—
Then chant, chant his praise!

3 All full chorus join,
To Jesus condescending
To bless our race with heavenly grace!
All full chorus join!
To God, whose mercy on us smiled,
And Holy Spirit reconciled,
By Christ, the meek and mild,
All full chorus join!

324 7, 6.

I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.
There, right before my Savior,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night

2 I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But, blessed, pure and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And, with ten thousand thousands,
Praise him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.

Dear Savior, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O send a shining angel,
To bear me to the sky.

4 O there I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And then, before my Savior,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise him day and night.

325 P. M.

WE'LL not give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth—
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth—
The lamp which sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road—
The voice which speaks a Savior's love,
And leads us home to God.
We'll not give up the Bible—
God's holy book of truth.

2 We'll not give up the Bible,
For it alone can tell
The way to save our ruined souls
From being sent to hell.
And it alone can tell us how
We can have hopes of heaven—
That through the Savior's precious blood
Our sins may be forgiven.
We'll not give up the Bible—
God's holy book of truth.

3 We'll not give up the Bible;
But if ye force away
What is as our own life-blood dear,
We still with joy could say:
"The words that we have learn'd while young
Shall follow all our days,
For they're engraven on our hearts,
And you can not erase."
We'll not give up the Bible—
God's holy book of truth.

4 We'll not give up the Bible,
We'll shout it far and wide,
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the rolling tide—
Till all shall know that we, though young,
Withstand each treach'rous art,
And that from God's own sacred word
We'll never, never part.
We'll not give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth.

326 P. M.

WHY that soul's commotion,
Trembling, oppress'd,
Like the troubled ocean,
Heaving its breast?
Some hidden grief
Demands relief.
Why that soul's commotion,
Panting for rest?

2 Why that soul's commotion?
Cease from thy sin;
Choose the better portion,
Cleanse thee within.
A fountain flows

To heal thy woes.
Why that soul's commotion?
Wash and be clean.

3 Why that soul's commotion?
Heaven can forgive.
With thy heart's devotion
Firmly believe;
To-day return,
And cease to mourn.
Why that soul's commotion?
O turn and live!

327 8, 7, 4.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheer'd by no celestial ray,
Sun of Righteousness! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light!
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply, and still increase;
Sway thy scepter,
Savior, all the world around!

328 10, 6, 8.

WHAT sound is this? a song thro' heaven resounding,
God is love!
And now from earth I hear the song rebounding,
God is love!
Yes, while adoring hearts proclaim,
Love is his nature, love his name,
My soul in rapture cries the same,
God is love!

2 This song repeat, repeat, ye saints in glory,
God is love!
And saints on earth, shout back the pleasing story,
God is love!
In this let earth and heaven agree,
To sound his love, both full and free,
And let the theme forever be,
God is love!

3 The love of God is now my greatest pleasure,
God is love!
And while I live, I'll seek no other treasure,
God is love!
This theme shall be my song below,
And when to glory I shall go,
This strain eternally shall flow,
God is love!

329 7, 6.

"REMEMBER thy Creator,"
While youth's fair spring is bright.
Before *thy cares* are greater,
Before comes age's night.

While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
Ere night's dark pall is near,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 "Remember thy Creator,"
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust.
Before with God who gave it,
Thy spirit shall appear;
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

330 P. M.

OH! I have spent my all in sin,
My fears begin to rise;
All wretchedness and dark within,
I dare not lift my eyes.
Oh, my injured Jesus,
Lamb for sinners slain—
Though I have wandered from my home,
I would come back again.

2 These wretched husks I can not bear,
While Father's house is full;
I see my distant home appear—
But O, my spirit fails.
Oh, my injured Jesus,
Lamb for sinners slain—
Though I have wandered from my home,
I will come back again.

3 These tattered robes, how bad they look!
What will my Father say?
Oh, can he take his lost one back?
Oh, will he hear me pray?

Oh, thou dear Redeemer,
Savior crucified,
All foul and guilty as I am,
I'm coming to thy side.

4 Yes, I will take my journey back
Unto my Father's home;
I'll say, "I've sinned in thy sight,
And lo! I am undone."
Oh, thou kind Redeemer,
Lamb for sinners slain—
I'm on my way to Father's house,
I'm coming back again.

5 If I could see my Father's face,
And pledge my humble vows,
I would only ask a servant's place,
Within my father's house.
Alle—allelujah!
Father's reconciled!
He sees me coming from afar,
And runs to meet his child.

6 My Father clasps me to his breast;
He owns me in my rags;
He kills for me the fatted calf,
And clothes me with his robes!
Alle—allelujah!
Father's reconciled!
For me the house will now rejoice—
My Father owns His child!

331 7, 6.

GO, thou, in life's fair morning,
Go in the bloom of youth,
And buy for thy adorning,
The precious pearl of truth.

Secure this heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let not worldly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go, while the day-star shineth,
Go, while thy heart is light,
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright.
Sell all thou hast and buy it:
'Tis worth all earthly things—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres and crowns of kings.

Go, ere the clouds of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth:
Defer not till to-morrow:
Go now, and buy the truth.
Go seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise:
Go, place upon his altar
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